

# FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER

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## THE NIGHT SHRIEK; Or, THE STOLEN WILL.

A TALE OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN, OF THAT CITY.

### CHAPTER IV.

We plot, and plan, and act, thinking we see through others, ourselves unseen by any—yet, after all, what mole so blind as we!—BELL BRAEMER.

We dare not of our listless load complain,  
For who for sympathy may seek who cannot tell of pain?—SCOTT.

It was a bright sunshiny day in March. The sunbeams not so powerful as to quite dispel the mist that hung like a half-raised curtain above the muddy waters of the Mississippi, and lingered on the plantations along the coast. A young man stood on the high-banked Levee, looking down into the carriage-path below. Eagerly he gazed on a cavalcade party that swept swiftly past. Two seemed to linger behind the others. There was surely no crime—nothing strange in this, yet the deadly pallor of Stanley's cheek, as he started forward, catching his breath, told that he revolted at it as such.

"And she can be out with him—and I about to quit New Orleans to-morrow! She knows, too, that I was hastening back to devote the last hours of my stay to her. By to-morrow far, far away—when and how to meet again?"

"Algernon Alleyn has been here, and accompanied Georgiana to the riding-school," was the undesired intelligence with which Colonel Sheffield greeted his nephew on his entrance. "They were to join the cavalcade party there. I never saw a finer couple. Do you think it looks like rain?"

His nephew remarked somewhat petulantly, "If it should, her cavalier can take care of her."

Without noticing the pique in Stanley's curt reply, the Colonel went on. "Yes, I'm sure of that; Algernon is very attentive; he would guard her with his very life, if called upon."

"I suppose he was ready to swear the same by Miss Tracey, so long as she was supposed Mr. Clement's heiress. By the way, does Miss Tracey resemble her mother?"

"Some think her extremely like;" then looking up, "but did you never see the young lady?"

"Once only, but momentarily; while a portrait there perfectly fascinated me. She might resemble it when animated, but the expression of her face, when I saw her, was so different that I remarked no similarity of feature, although I cannot banish the idea that it was her mother's."

"Perhaps her own," suggested his uncle.

A sudden thought seemed to strike him. Going to the conservatory he robbed it of its choicest flowers, which culled, and arranged with care into a tiny bouquet, he placed in his button-hole and abruptly quitted the house, proceeded at a quicker pace than usual to him, to Bourbon street, suddenly remembering it would be but civil to say farewell to Mrs. Clement before his departure to Havana, whither he was to set out the next morning on business concerning a coffee plantation, partially owned by his father. Handing his card and the flowers to Hudson, who answered his ring at the hall door, Stanley told him to present them to Miss Tracey, and ask if she had any commands to honor him with, as he would probably meet her uncle's friend, Mr. Preston, in Havana. Hudson threw open the parlor door, then, fleet as a winged Mercury, darted up stairs to seek his young mistress.

Left to himself, Stanley advanced immediately to examine the portrait that had before so riveted his attention, when through a half open door he saw its counterpart, in the fair object of his visit—Celine Tracey. Seated alone in a recess of the adjoining room, partially concealed by the heavy folds of a crimson curtain,

the rich light of a southern spring sun streamed full on her polished brow and sunny curls, throwing out her bust and face in full relief, so that he could mark the slightest variation in the expression of her beautiful features, as she turned over some guitar music on a stand. The leaves turned, the sweet voice



THE NIGHT SHRIEK.—THE OFFICERS OF THE CUBA CAROUSING.

bent over the guitar, as flinging her fingers across its strings in a low, sweet prelude, the lips parted as a gush of melody filled the room, the dark eye grew lustrous, the pale cheek acquired a rosy glow, while he, as though bound by a spell, stood rooted there, listening with suspended breath to the following

### SONG.

'Tis Spring! There's bloom upon the rose's leaf,  
And sunshine in the sky;  
And gladness in the brooklet's song,  
That ripples sweetly by.  
And blithe the birdling tunes its throat,  
And carols glad and high,  
What reck I of his joyous note,  
When lone and sad am I?

The Spring's soft breeze from forests near,  
Comes fragrance-laden by,  
Fanning the flowers of low parterre,  
And tall boughs waving high;  
Creating bloom and beauty where  
It whistles sweetly by;  
Yet brings no balm to soothe the care  
Of one so lone as I.

The rippling waves kiss the shore  
Ere flashing back they lie,  
To join the surging billows' roar,  
In foam-capped revelry;  
Reflecting on their hillocky breast  
The blue and cloudless sky;  
Their rippling murmur brings no rest  
To one so lone as I.

F'en Spring can fail to glad the soul,  
Though beaming in the sky,  
When sorrow's waves still darkly roll,  
And tears bedim the eye.  
Thus when I hear the dovelot's note  
At eve sung loud and high,  
I think upon his listening mate,  
While lone and sad am I.

An opposite door opened—the increased light and intruding step unmarked. There was enough to occupy the mind of the songstress in the busy thoughts within. Her head bowed down on her outspread hands, tears trickled silently through the long white fingers, as Mrs. Clement swept gracefully into the room.

"Celine, love, what ails you?  
Do you not see Mr. Stanley?"

The frightened girl started—uttered a faint exclamation of surprise and apology, while neck and brow



THE NIGHT SHRIEK.—"STANLEY FLUNG THE DOOR BACK VIOLENTLY, AND WITH AN ANGRY STEP AND SEATED BROW STRODE INTO THE ROOM."

crimsoned, she hastily gathered up her music, and slightly bending her graceful head in acknowledgment of his impressive bow, she left the room.

Stanley, confused and half angry, endeavored to apologize by alluding to the portrait he had been studying till attracted by the sweet witchery of the song.

"Hudson tells me you called to offer your services to execute any behest I might burden you with," said the lady in her blandest tone, without heeding his apology—perhaps she deemed it unnecessary.

"I—I thought Miss Tracey might possibly honor me with some message, having heard from Mr. Alleyn that she has relatives in Havana," stammered Stanley, quite taken aback at the lady's appropriation of the message sent her niece by the servant.

"Thank you for your attention to her—poor thing! Her recent loss weighs heavily; yet there are times when she bursts into a passion of tears, as you just now witnessed, while though grieving deeply myself, I do my best to rouse her to a hopefulness more befitting her age."

Stanley continued silent, Mrs. Clement went on.

"She has been sadly indulged, and is as sadly self-willed. I am really in despair about her; plain, sallow, tall, gawkey, with her meagre figure, and shy manners, that despite all my care are distressingly awkward. Her future causes me ceaseless anxiety."

Stanley thought on the sweet intellectual face, with the dark eyes and slight figure of willowy gracefulness that had riveted his admiring gaze, so continued to study the fruit and flowers piled on the rich carpet at his feet. Mrs. Clement seemed vexed, yet continued.

"Her uncle's affairs were in a sadly embarrassed condition, and though I will do my utmost to protect her while I live, still my own slender fortune of right belongs to Algernon, while she is so excessively plain that he will never take a fancy to her, and there is little hope that her only talent—music and the gift of song—will form attraction sufficient to induce some worthy middle-aged man to marry her; but I see that I weary you—excuse me, Mr. Stanley, but the interest Algernon seemed to think you felt in the poor girl misled me, cheating me into forgetfulness that you are strangers."

He rose to go.

"When you return, I shall hope to see you often. Georgiana has promised to spend a month with me then, when I shall be tempted to forget the shortness of our acquaintance, in the memory that we are relatives."

Touched by the averted eyes and downcast looks of the magnificent woman, who, forgetting wealth and splendor, claimed the so long disowned relationship, he answered, "If it rests with me, let me assure you how gladly I claim you as my aunt, by the frankness with which I beg you to guard your two nieces in my absence, as dear treasures confided to your care."

A frown shaded the lady's brow, but instantly passed as wishing him a God-speed, he bowed himself out of the room. She returned to her own, congratulating herself at the skill of her diplomacy in intercepting the message he had sent to her niece.

She had not, however, intercepted the flowers. Hudson had taken care of that. So that when Celine, with a flushed cheek and swelling heart, flung herself into the old arm-chair on entering her room, a sudden joy flashed in her tear-dimmed eyes as they rested on Stanley's card and the bouquet laid on her table. Rising from her seat with a murmured expression of pleasure, she raised the card, and to her surprise read a penciled iteration of the intercepted message. With an upraised look of thankfulness, she pressed both it and the bouquet to her fast throbbing breast, as the mobile flush mounted to cheek and brow, with a flickering hope-lit flame. She had heard Stanley's praises from Georgiana, till he had become her *beau ideal*, the model of all that was generous and manly. The strangeness of the two occasions on which she had seen him had in them much to interest a girl's imagination, and it may be guessed how dangerous such a person was likely to become to the peace of mind of a lonely girl. A passionate admirer of beauty and genius, to her his vaulting ambition and splendid talents, heralded as they had been by his cousin's praises, were more calculated to win than the inane and sordid adulations of the most servile flattery.

#### CHAPTER V.

The storm may hush, the lightning stay,  
The sky become serene,  
But early morn's returning ray  
Tells where the wreck has been.—ANNE.

With thee my bark I'll swiftly go  
Across the foaming brine,  
Nor care what land thou bearest me to,  
So not again to mine.—CHILDE HAROLD.

ARRIVED at Colonel Sheffield's, Stanley traversed the hall with an impatient step, passing the open doors of the corresponding parlors, and pushing one partly ajar of a small sitting-room, which though not exclusively set apart by Miss Sheffield for her own use, was so generally occupied by her, that her cousin felt assured of finding her there. Nor was he mistaken. She was sitting at the open piano, while Algernon Alleyn turned over the leaves of her music. Their backs were to him, but there was much in the attitude of each, Alleyn bending low, as he spoke, his hand on the music book, without noting the leaves he turned, while Georgiana's superb figure was slightly inclined toward him, as if listening attentively to the low murmured tones, that though the words were unheard, sent the blood from Stanley's brow to support his heart, as the white hand lying listlessly in her lap, was taken, and pressed with a tenderness, accompanied by a look of such meaning as he deemed none save himself dare bend on her unrepented. Scarcely conscious of what he did, Stanley flung the door back violently, and with an angry step and heated brow, strode into the room. A slight exclamation of surprise from Georgiana caused Algernon Alleyn to turn his head, when he encountered the wrathful gaze of the irate Stanley. Nothing daunted by the dark flash of his vengeful eye, or pale quivering lip, he advanced at once to meet him, extending his hand at the same time, saying,

"Glad you have come, Frank; we have been so anxious to tell you about our ride this morning."

Replying only by a haughty inclination of the head to Alleyn's greeting, without deigning to notice his extended hand, he said,

"I regret that my absence caused you both such extreme anxiety."

There was deep irony in his cold and measured tone, which, however, neither appeared to notice, Georgiana going up to him in her usual sisterly way, saying,

"Come, Frank, don't remain standing here, I have so much to tell you—"

But he interrupted her in a husky voice, that he tried to render steady,

"I have not time to hear it. I came, Georgiana, to say farewell."

"Well, in that case, I will no longer intrude," said Alleyn, in the same frank, cordial tone that had marked his greeting.

"And now, Frank, good-bye, for I will not see you to-morrow."

Stanley coldly extended his hand, nor replied to the iterated good wishes and hopes of speedy return, with which Algernon, with a slight bow to Georgiana, left the room.

For a moment Stanley paced the room. His cousin's moral, cool self-possession utterly forsook her, her eyes were downcast, and he trembled violently.

"And you can tolerate that fellow at a time like this Georgiana?"

His manner had lost its gentleness, his voice its lover's tone.

"Oh, let us part in peace, Frank! I did not ask or wish him to stay."

"Could I believe this, I would be happy. But loving you dearer than my soul,—have I not cause for anger, at what I saw on entering the room?"

"Oh do not look or speak thus, Frank!"

And her head fell on his shoulder. She neither seemed surprised or offended at his words, but clung trembling to his impassioned embrace, as he hoarsely whispered,

"You now know, you now feel, that I have long loved you! Yet do not think, Georgiana, that I am one to be trifled with. I am not the man to be put carelessly away and reclaimed at pleasure. If I find you the wife of Alleyn on my return, I will as surely blow his infernal scheming brains out. Such things have been, Georgiana. My father was his mother's dupe; he met her husband, Dr. Alleyn, and—the wily seducer fell. Such things have been, and be again, were I tampered with."

Miss Sheffield started from his embrace, looked up wildly in his face, as becoming deadly pale, she faltered out,

"Only return quickly, Frank. This acquisition of fortune has biased my father strongly in Algernon's favor."

"And what of it? This plotting mother and himself have contrived to secure a will made by a feeble dotard, while destroying that which willed his thousands to that poor girl they have wronged. But they shall disgorge yet. And now, swear you will be mine when I return. Swear it, Georgiana, and smile my gloomy forebodings away, ere I say farewell."

"I dare not swear; but I will be yours, and yours only, Frank. And now, for both our sakes, hurry back. Do not delay, as you value my peace."

"Delay!—loiter, when away from you?"

And pressing his burning lips to her cold brow, in a lover's first kiss—the last—he said farewell, and they had parted, when and how to meet again in a world ripe with schemes, and inconstancy, and disappointment, they knew not.

Two weeks from the evening above alluded to, Colonel Stanley's mansion blazed with light, and carriages freighted with well-dressed, white-kinned beaux, and beautiful women, drove up to its handsome portal.

"I'd like dreadful to git married too," remarked Hudson, knowingly, a white rosette fastened with an elaborate pin to his snowy vest.

"Do go 'long wid you!" replied Ninon, magnificent in a cast-off gown of rich white poplin, presented for the occasion by Mrs. Clement.

"Why, there's no harm in saying so, I'm sure?" suggested Hudson, his eyes still on the bright Madras handkerchief that decorated the nurse's head.

"And you got no manners—do think you'd be ashamed of yourself?"

"It's no sich thing! You don't mean you're in airnest?"

"Jist as you like."

"Then suppose we get it done right off hand?"

"What! by the great Reverend Abbey Moony?" (Abbe Moni.) "Don't talk so foolish, Ninon. Hannibal Peabody, in the kitchen—great revivalist, Brother Hannibal is—he'll do it slick, for sure, after we is done waiting on the company, and the supper over."

"Well, git along wid you, now. Fetch down something nice, Hudson, be sure, for Parson Peabody."

"Sartip," and away he glided with arrowy swiftness, silver salver in hand, while the respectable Ninon scuttled up stairs to try the effect of the richest shawl among the heap thrown on bed and chairs, when, having arranged her toilet to her satisfaction, she sailed down to the lower regions, gorgeous in fan and reticule, while a sash, tied in a sort of convulsed bow, perfected her tasteful equipment.

One hour later, in walked Hudson, sporting an enormous bouquet in his button-hole, spruce in unimpeachable kids, (*whose*, no matter,) and redolent of perfume, shedding fragrance around every time he drew forth a costly embroidered handkerchief.

The colored parson having, as Edmon expressed it, "shuk hands all round," asked the smiling bride how she felt on the momentous occasion.

"Thank you, Mr. Peabody," with a low curtsy, "I'm all of a pecker!"

"Cittin' marrid," said the preacher, solemnly, "is mighty delicate work. How do you feel, Uncle Hudson?"

"Seeing I never tried it before, tolerable, thank you." Then, with a low bow to the assembly, he added, "And now, ladies and gen'l'm'n, we're ready."

"What's your surname?" demanded the Reverend Horace Peabody.

"Can't say that I know exactly what you mean?" responded Hudson, inquiring.

"Your last name?" said the parson.

"Clement, sir."

"No sich ting," remonstrated Ninon, in a huff and a hurry. "His first name Hudson Sheffield, like mine; den when Miss Clementine marry Captain Tracey, didn't our surname get *Tracey*, too, for sart?"

The minister showed that Ninon was right. As Miss Sheffield's servants, they changed their name with hers, and, belonging now to her daughter, Miss Tracey, had no claim whatever to that of Clement.

"Where do you live?" was his next question.

"With Mrs. Clement," the response.

"Where was you born?" next.

"Richmond, Old Virginny," the reply.

"Is your mother livin'?"

"No, she belonged to another family."

"Is your fader livin'?"

"Yes—he's one of the kiln hands on Mr. Blanc's brickyard."

Hudson's replies seemed satisfactory to all present. The parson next turned with due solemnity to Ninon:

"How ole be you, Sister Ninon?"

"Miss Celine sixteen, and I nursed her."

"Den you a widow?"

Here the respectable widow thought proper to whimper.

"What was your husban's surname?"

"Cruger, sir; he belonged to Jona Martin Cruger, of Louisville."

The reply seemed satisfactory. The parson proceeded:

"Are your parents livin'?"

"No, I'm a orphan."

Raising his eyes much like a duck in a thunderstorm, the great revivalist bade the twain come forward. Hudson made a low salaam, tendering his hand to lead forward the bride, who glanced her eye down the folds of her white poplin to see if the flounces were right, and the pair approached.

"So you've come forward to get married?"

"If you please," spoke both, in a breath.

"Will you love and obey this man?" asked the parson.

"Sartin, sir," with another low curtsy.

"Will you protect and cleave to this woman?"

"With much pleasure," answered Hudson, promptly, making another flourishing salaam.

"Nor never go foolin' arter other wimmen?" added the preacher, impressively.

Hudson seemed somewhat taken aback. This was a part of the service he was wholly unprepared for. He hesitated, fumbled with his galvanized watch-chain, and coughed.

"I merely axed it as part of the prayer book," observed the Reverend Horace.

Hudson breathed again—

"Oh, in that case—sartinly, never, sir! Never, as I'm a gen'l'mn!"

"Then jine hands."

"Twas done.

"Now, my brethren, even as the bud and blossom—even as the rill and sea jine, so do I jine you!—pronouncin' you, in presence of this 'specable company, man and wife. Amen!"

Refreshments followed, healths were gulped down in bumpers, sponge cake and fruit bestowed in pockets for taking home, when the Reverend Mr. Peabody rose to propose the health of the absent. All replenished their glasses. Raising his, he gave

"The pleasant and speedy return of Mr. Stanley to his home."

No glass was raised to pledge him; every eye sought his neighbor; the untasted wine was set down; each member of that goodly company suddenly remembered that it was time to be getting the carriages; one and all looked at their passes\* and silently departed. The minister felt he was off soundings, but in what particular out of his reckoning he stayed not to inquire. Skulking out by the carriage gateway, he met with Edmon's father.

"Dat you, Mr. Booker?"

"Thanky, sir."

"Well—I say—Mr. Booker—did you ever?"

"No, I never!" was the ominous reply, as, turning down the corner of Rempart, into Conti street, the twain were lost in the darkness.

At the very moment his health and speedy return was proposed by Parson Peabody, Stanley was sitting at his desk, with a half finished letter to Georgiana before him in his room in the Havana Hotel. He had left New Orleans in the brig Cuba, (at that time there were no steamboats plying between New Orleans and Cuba.) Though a very fine vessel for its class, yet being built expressly for the West India trade; that is, for burden, not speed, it was rather bluff about the bows, yet was a good sea boat, with a snug cabin for passengers, albeit not clipper built.

The captain—we might say master, for having been thirty years in the West India trade, he had saved sufficient from his various "ventures," made on his own individual hook, to purchase a half-ownership in the handsome brig he commanded—was a Down Easter, from Lyme; having also a Connecticut man for his mate, who had served as master's mate in the navy, under Commodore Morgan during his cruise in the Mediterranean. Between the two the brig was kept more "ship shape" than generally falls to the lot of West India traders. Among the passengers Stanley gladly recognized a former classmate of Yale, the son of a once wealthy coffee planter, who, however, having suffered from the fluctuation and depreciation in colonial property, had sold out his plantation, and gone to Rio Janeiro, entering into mercantile pursuits in the hope of retrieving his fallen fortunes. His son, young Pietro Barabino, was returning from a trip to Spain, where in Cadiz and Madrid he had spent some months, and was now about visiting Havana, where his mother's family resided, in order to accompany his sister Inez to Rio Janeiro, where his father awaited them.

The moment he mentioned his sister, Stanley remembered the brilliant, glorious-eyed beauty of the tropics, to whom Algernon Alleyn had been so devotedly attentive in New Haven, when she had come there to be present at Commencement when her brother graduated. A wild glim of wrath shot from the young Spaniard's lambent eyes as Stanley referred to him.

"I have an account to settle with him, when I have placed Inez with my father. It shall be his life, or mine, when next we meet!"

"He surely dared not trifle with your sister?"

"He married—then deserted her!" was the low, fierce reply. Stanley extended his hand. "Now do we understand each other, Barabino—yet not till the day I left New Orleans did I fully understand him."

The warm-hearted, impulsive West Indian pressed the offered hand cordially, and from that hour a secret bond, a sort of free-masonry of feeling, seemed to animate and draw in closer friendship the two collegians.

They were yet conversing when the captain drew near; his frank and hearty manner, his seaman-like good nature, made him ever welcome, and each forgetting his private grievances, gladly hailed his presence as a relief. While they talked eight bells were struck, when he invited the young men to take their customary meridian. At that moment the mate, who had been for some time casting a glance to leeward, remarked:

"That

Without replying to this, the Spaniard responded, "Heave to! I have news to communicate."

"Ay, ay!" replied the captain of the Cuba. "Round to the weather main and topsail braces. Foretop there! Down to'ga'nt stunsails—that's it! With a will, my hearties!"

While this was achieved, the Isador had dropped some distance astern.

"Send your boat, or I'll fire into you."

"Fire away!" responded the imperturbable Yankee. "Down on deck, lads, you'll have a chance to blaze at him soon."

A light breeze swelled the Cuba's sails, yet, like those of the tropics, while speeding one vessel under its full influence, did not extend to the other, the beautiful Isador lying like a helpless, cumbered mass upon the water.

Seeing the Cuba now heaving down upon him, the discomfited Spaniard suddenly hove up in the wind's eye.

Launching both her quarter-boats full of men, they commenced pulling, making a sweep as if with the design of assailing the Cuba, emboldened at the non-return of the fire of their eighteen-pounder.

Pausing upon their oars, the boats joined company, as if conferring on the course to pursue—then a flash, deafening report—a shower of iron hail sped on its deadly flight, scattering in one fatal crash the dying and the dead, with the shattered oars from the nerveless grasp of the survivors, and the boats, before urged with superhuman strength, now shattered and unmanageable, were tossed upon the foam-capped breast of the surging deep.

The Isador's flag had fallen at the onset, the imperial pennant of Spain giving way to the corsair's skull and cross bones. That, too, had fallen, yet did our Yankee captain keep up a continued fire upon the doomed Spaniard till the shades of night darkening around, he bade the men cease, remarking that "he was a staunch advocate of old practices, and believed if every merchantman did his duty, the seas would be rid of them pests in a winky."

Encountering no farther adventure, the Cuba in three days dropped anchor at Havana. Barabino still continued with Stanley, till the evening on which we have shown him employed on the letter to his affianced, when the young West Indian entered the room to say farewell. He was to accompany his sister Inez to her father, her pale, transparent cheek, and settled melancholy telling plainly of the speedy approach of death, through its helpmate consumption.

Business with his father's agent still detained Stanley in Havana; the rainy season had set in, and the time now dragged heavily on his hands. Therefore did he extend a more cordial welcome to the old sea captain, who often called at the hotel of an evening, chasing the hours with yarns of his adventurous life.

One evening he entered the room, newspaper in hand. "I suppose, Mr. Stanley, I have to congratulate you on a wedding that has taken place in your uncle Sheffield's family."

"What wedding?—Who?" faltered Stanley, vainly attempting to control the accelerated play that sent the blood coursing to his heart.

"But what ails you? I never saw as ghastly a hue on the face of living man."

And well he might say so! Stanley leaned against the wall—his eyes were closed—his hair clinging to his damp, pale brow—his arms hung listlessly by his side, neither life nor consciousness in his attitude.

"You are ill—faint—take this," and he poured out some wine in a glass. Stanley drank it, and then said, "I am better now—give me the paper."

He read the marriage notice through. The woman he had devotedly loved from his boyhood—she who had but so lately promised to be his on his return, was now the wife of Algernon Alleyn. Georgiana Sheffield was lost to him for ever.

"It is all true, then," he muttered, sinking back into his chair, and covering his face with his hands.

The worthy old captain approached. "Rouse yourself, whatever the trouble may be, Mr. Stanley, don't play the woman—bear up, do."

"I will! Have no fear; I shall prove a first-rate actor," and he laughed wildly—"meet her with a smile calm as her own, play back her own sportive mood with jests as light. While for him, I have sworn that my bullet shall reach his heart, and it shall!"

"No, no, Stanley, you are a different man from that. You are not equal to any resolve to-night. Wait till to-morrow. What do you say to a trip, when through with the business that brought you here, to Rio Janeiro?"

"I care not where, so it be far, far from New Orleans. I never would again see the hated place."

## CHAPTER VI.

She walks in beauty like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies.—BYRON.

She is an angel! She shall be my wife within six months!—WILLERTON.

RESTLESS and dejected, our hero gladly availed himself of an opportunity that bid fair to offer stirring excitement, and that of a nature craggy enough for his surging feelings to break upon. The eastern section of South America, more especially Uruguay and Argentine, were at that time distracted by intestine commotions, while menaced by sanguinary enemies from the La Plata to the Gulf of Mexico. In order to prevent supplies being sent to the invested towns, a company of enterprising merchants of New Orleans had determined on fitting out an armed brigantine to cruise up and down the La Plata. The duty was an arduous and dangerous one, therefore peculiarly fitted for Stanley's present mood. He found no difficulty in obtaining permission to join the gallant officers on board the Thunderer, from the intimacy subsisting between her owners and Colonel Sheffield. Captain Montfort, the commander, had too long braved "the storm, the lightning and the gale," to subscribe to what he called the "nostrums" of the new school; and it is but fair to say his old-fashioned notions of o-be-joy-ous-ness were ably seconded and supported by his second in command, Mr. O'Callaghan, an emerald of surpassing worth, when at times listlessness and ennui overpowered both officers and men, wearied with the monotonous cruising up and down the La Plata. Especially did his frolic-loving mood seem welcome to our hero, whose mind had lost its olden energy—his once decisive step its elasticity—books no longer possessing a charm, or conversation offering a panacea—all near and around seeming dull, insupportable vacuity.

O'Callaghan ever led the van, where nautical jokes were practically illustrated, tough yarns spun, or high flown ditties, commemorative of naval heroes, sung. When it was his watch below, the night was sure to pass with all the glories of the olden time, while the Thunderer went careering on its way. The very sails seemed to catch inspiration, when Captain Montfort was in the chair, O'Callaghan vice, and the snug cabin party seated around, on these occasions the captain's song being, "Come pass the can around, boys!"

"Bravo! Bravo!" would applaud all, when a variety of strains dedicated to wine, and the ladies, war, and the sea, would follow.

"Come, O'Callaghan, tip us that yarn you promised."

"Hang the yarn! I'm out of them, every one of them is but a new face on the old."

"Well, give us a song."

"Eight bells! shall I call the watch?" broke in the mate's voice from above.

"Just hold on a bit. Callaghan is going to sing, hold on a bit, Mr. Butter!"

The mate walked away, when the old commander explained,

"Hang me, if I've had as merry a night I don't know when! But come, Callaghan, wind it up with that song."

After a few preliminary hums, Mr. O'Callaghan broke into the following song, bang from the heart, to judge by the plaudits it received.

## THE ROVER'S PRAYER.

The knight may mount his prancing steed,  
Where banners float above  
The marshalled lists where he goes forth,  
To fight for lady's love.  
But what rock I of his scarf or plume?  
What's his belt or spurs to me?  
My war horse is my own good ship,  
My tented field—the sea!

On battle field, all scarred and torn,  
The soldier's corpse may lie,  
Trampled beneath the hoof of horse,  
Blackened beneath the sky.  
But nor man nor horse on me may tread,  
Or frown dismally;  
Be my burial place, when I am dead,  
Beneath my own blue sea!

The applause was hushed, the cabin lights extinguished, the senior officers had retired to their berths, when the look-out at the mast head called out "Light ho!"

"Where away?" shouted O'Callaghan, who with another choice spirit, and Stanley, (who always shared his watches,) were grouped snugly on the hen-coop, telling yarns, much to the enlightenment of the poultry beneath, to judge by their cackling.

"One point for'ard, and starboard beam, sir."

The breeze, which had hitherto been steady, now died away, and the flapping canvas would have seemed the forerunner of a dead calm, but for the white and curling mist, fast rising from the deep, sure precursor of a tropical gale. Quickly summoning the crew, O'Callaghan gave the necessary order for reducing sail. On first feeling the force of the blast, the beautiful brigantine bent low, as though in homage to the storm king, then proudly dashing the dark waves aside, rose gracefully; came to the wind, and lay-to, while the storm whistled through her cordage, till day-break, when it fully calmed, and the order to pack the canvas, fold after fold on her spars, again issued. Making for the island of Achuana, they were rounding the headland forming one side of the bay, when within a quarter of a mile of them they recognized the vessel of the previous night, a Spanish guarda costa, mounting ten carronades and a long gun.

"Can you make her out, Mr. Callaghan?" asked the captain. O'Callaghan was standing aft, examining her with a spy glass.

"She is a heavy vessel of superior armament, and a fast sailor."

"The wind has become steady. Pack on everything, the brigantine will give her a run."

"She has seen us; they are crowding on sail. Shall I beat to quarters? We'll surely have a brush."

The order was given. The drum beat to arms, and the listless inactivity that had so late pervaded both officers and crew of the brigantine, soon gave place to a scene of stirring interest and animation.

The deck and guns had been speedily cleared for action, and O'Callaghan, resuming his examination with the spy glass, reported that the brigantine's change of position had brought the guarda costa off her quarter; both vessels were at the time at their utmost speed. Just then the gorgeous flag of Spain opened its folds to their gaze, Spanish colors flying at her peak. These as soon as set were dipped, in indication of their wish to speak the brigantine. Still there was a rakish look about the Spaniard, which (coupled with the atrocities that then degraded Spain's imperial ensign, as well as her proximity to the Banda Oriental—its republics the favorite resort of the lawless), caused as much suspicion, to say the least, as respect.

"Show them the stars and stripes!" said Captain Montfort, and immediately the meteor standard was unfurled, waving proudly above.

"Down helm, brace up," was the next command. Obeyed with alacrity, the brigantine now ran directly for the Spaniard. Captain Montfort and O'Callaghan conferred a moment, when the latter sprang to the long gun, heavily loaded with grape and canister. Telegraphing the helmsman by a move of his hand, which understood, was immediately acted upon, the brigantine flew off her course as the match was applied; the gun discharged, carrying death and destruction where directed. Bounding back upon her course, the Thunderer darted onward to the devoted Spaniard. O'Callaghan's aim had been unerring, the slaughter, from the packed state of the guarda costa's decks, immense. Gun, after gun was now fired at the brigantine, but of no avail in making the gallant Thunderer swerve from her course.

Again the captain and O'Callaghan stood in conference.

"Stand by with the grapping irons!" commanded the captain, while O'Callaghan shouted, "Quartermaster, run the brigantine athwart her hawse! Boatswain, provide axes! And as the Thunderer dashed furiously upon her prey he mounted her forecastle, calling, "Now follow me, my hearts of oak!"

Following the intrepid O'Callaghan with a loud cheer, the Thunderer's crew engaged hand to hand with the Spaniards.

"Cut away her foremast!" shouted Captain Montfort, seeing that O'Callaghan had driven them into the waist. A few heavy strokes, and the towering spar totters.

"Charge again, my hearts!" was still the cheering, furious battle cry of O'Callaghan, who looked the very embodied demon of the fight, as his scimitar waved in glittering circles above his head, full many a Spaniard having fallen before its irresistible might.

At this crisis, Captain Montfort's voice was heard:

"All ready with the mast!"

"Bear back, men, bear back!" shouted O'Callaghan retreating to the forecastle. The next moment, "Let fall, then, let fall!"

A few more strokes, and the swaying mast fell, crushing many an outlaw in that close wedged mass below.

"Off grappings!" sung out old Montfort; while O'Callaghan, himself covering the retreat of his wounded, by firing his pistols in the faces of the pursuing, desperate Spaniards, shouted, "Aboard all of you!" himself the last man to quit the deck of the guarda costa.

Swinging clear, away flew the gallant Thunderer, proceeding about a mile with the speed of a belated seagull, when the order was given to "Heave her headyards aback—in light sails!"

And now the policy of old Montfort was manifest. There was no hope of carrying the Spaniard from the immense number of her men, while it would have been equally impossible to have coped successfully at a distance with one of her superior armament.

But now the long gun was served with beautiful effect, every shot telling with deadly precision upon the unmanageable Spaniard, spreading slaughter among the crew, while shattering the doomed

guarda costa.

Spain's gorgeous banner had fallen with her mainmast; now every spar gone, she floated the waters a complete wreck. Captain Montfort now gave orders to bear away for Achuana, an island uninhabited save by a few fierce and sanguinary natives, but having a fine harbor, and much frequented by seamen at that time for being well wooded and supplied with water.

Running around a dangerous reef of rocks that nearly closed the passage to an inlet that widened into a beautiful bay, situated about midway between the towns of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, the Thunderer at the first appearance of dawn entered on the morning succeeding the demolition of the guarda costa.

Wishing to see one of the owners of the brigantine, a merchant of Buenos Ayres, Mr. O'Callaghan, provided with a trusty guide who procured the necessary number of mules, set out, accompanied by most of the officers of the Thunderer, and by Stanley, who now eagerly courted adventure, for the sake of something craggy for his restless mind to break upon.

The two first days of their journey afforded, however, no manner of excitement; but just at dusk of the third, while passing through a dense wood skirting the city, their attention was arrested by the report of a pistol, followed by the loud shriek of a female.

"There is some piratical work going on there, Stanley; let us push forward and save that lady, if we can."

Bending low, to save their persons from the overhanging branches, the party dashed forward toward the still continued screams of distress. The wood cleared, upon the city verge they saw an overturned carriage, while two ruffians, easily recognized by their garb as bandits, were trying to force a lady from a gentleman to whom she wildly clung, and place her on horseback. The gentleman had been severely wounded and was bleeding profusely, while one older lay, stretched in death, near the carriage. A few hurried words to the officers, and O'Callaghan, pointing to the miscreants with his sabre, drawing at the same time a pistol from his belt with his bribe hand, he dashed on, followed by Stanley and the officers, breaking upon them with the speed of a thunderbolt.

Stanley was soon in close proximity with the villains who held the lady in their strong grasp. To fire his pistol, sending its bullet crashing through the brains of one, while the cutlass of O'Callaghan severed the arm of the other, was but the work of a moment.

Seeing deliverers near, the lady's fright gave way to a bitter agony, as, falling into a deep swoon, she exclaimed, "Oh, my uncle!—my poor father!"

Gently raising her in his arms, O'Callaghan used every means he could think of to restore animation to the young girl, whose surpassing loveliness was yet of such youthful mould in face and form, that she could not have seen beyond sixteen summers.

Stanley, who had knelt down fanning her, seemed lost in a sort of dreamy bewilderment as he contemplated the youthful face and symmetrical form lying on the grass, when suddenly a thought quick as the lightning's flash, came as memory's bright harbinger, he gazed again a moment. "My God!—Inez Barabino!"

Turning hastily away, a few steps took him to the wounded man, who was supported by one of the officers. At the first glance exchanged in that language of the soul, that silence that speaks, each had recognized the other.

"Stanley!"

"Barabino!" It was all that was needed. Though bleeding profusely, the young man's wounds were not dangerous. Stanley assisted to bind them up, when leaning on Stanley, the brother approached where Inez still lay, a faint fluttering pulsating first her heart, then sending a faint a tinge to the pale cheek, and a quivering to her eyelids, betokening returning animation.

Turning a frightened look on O'Callaghan, as consciousness returned, "Santa Maria!—good Señor, where is Pietro? where is my brother?"

"Here, Inez, and but little hurt, while you, thank God, are safe."

"Yes, but, ah madre di dios!—my father—and uncle?"

O'Callaghan still continued to support his precious burden, while Stanley, understanding Barabino's mute appeal, left him and went to where two of the officers were assisting an old gentleman to alight, having righted the carriage. He, too, was bleeding, from a stab in the cheek, and slight wound in the arm, but except a few bruises, unhurt. He thanked his young preservers warmly in good English, and then begged their assistance to search for his brother, whom he said had pursued the chief of the bandits to the verge of the wood. They found him stunned by a blow from the pistol that had been fired at the coachman. All necessary assistance was rendered; the old man speedily recovered from the torpor following the stunning effect of the blow that had felled him senseless. His thanks were profuse, and on being assisted into the carriage in which O'Callaghan's care had already bestowed Inez, he tendered to him and Stanley a card, from which they gleaned that he was one of the highest dignitaries of the state.

Stanley next assisted his old classmate in, the elder Barabino taking the guide's mule, while he, nothing loath, mounted the carriage box, as the party cheerfully resumed their route to the city. On the way, the elder Barabino informed Stanley, whom he remembered to have seen in New Haven, that quitting Rio Janeiro on his daughter's arrival, at the urgent solicitation of his brother-in-law, General Bustamante, they had been spending the day at his villa, a short distance from the city, when attacked by the bandits from whom their opportune arrival had saved them. While the old gentleman spoke to Stanley, O'Callaghan rode by the side of the carriage, stealing stealthy glances at intervals, at the beautiful girl, causing the rich blood to mount, flushing her pale cheek to crimson,

"Buenos Ayres!" spoke the guide's harsh voice, interrupting his reverie.

The city was at hand.

On quitting the family so miraculously saved, General Bustamante invited them all warmly to call on him whenever agreeable during their stay.

Stanley and his friend Pietro shook hands, promising to meet on the morrow, while O'Callaghan, seeking an opportunity, raised the white hand of Inez to his lips, unobserved by any, begging her not to forget the name of Simon O'Callaghan in her orisons.

The lady's face grew deadly pale, a clay-blue hue chasing away every vestige of color. O'Callaghan knew not what it meant—he only knew, only felt, that afternoon's ride and encounter was to affect his future career for good or evil.

On the night of Algernon Alleyn's marriage to Miss Sheffield, Mrs. Clement's love of splendor and magnificence showed itself alive again, in her donning her mourning robes for one of fleshy lace fabric, whose magnificence exceeded that of all present, besides a circlet of diamonds blazing like a crown in her dark hair. She looked splendidly beautiful.

Celine was absent, gone on a visit to some of her mother's relatives, residing in Natchez.

All her vain aspirations gratified, her one-time lover, Robert Stanley, evidently under the spell of her wondrous beauty, had been in close attendance on Mrs. Clement all the evening.

Carriage after carriage had rolled away; he, too, had gone, and the beautiful widow was fastening the pin securing the shawl of Indian fabric that had done duty before that night at the bridal in the kitchen, when the sound of low, rolling thunder was heard—then came a bright flash, succeeded by another and another, lighting up every corner of the room. A stillness seemed to have fallen everywhere, save in the supper-room, where a few old friends of the family still loitered round the sideboard.



GAROTTING. THE FIRST CASE THAT OCCURRED IN NEW YORK CITY.

## GAROTTING.

THIS new crime, for it has only been introduced among us since November last, is purely of English origin; at least, it originated among the thieves and footpads of London. The name is derived from the Spanish, and very properly too, for the principal point of attack is round the throat, in imitation of the garotte, or iron collar, that is used in Cuba for the execution of criminals. It will be remembered that General Lopez died by the garotte. Highway robbery by the garotte, when it takes place in our streets, is conducted by three persons; one, coming behind, throws his right arm round the victim's neck, and at the same instant presses his knee into the victim's back. The two confederates each seize a hand, and the unfortunate individual is at the same instant helpless, suffocated, and with his pockets perfectly at the mercy of his enemies. There cannot be a doubt but this manner of street robbery has been committed by persons who long practised among themselves the very best manner of accomplishing their object. The first victim of garotting in this city was upon the person of a "distinguished inventor," one of those individuals who are famous for always having a "patent right" to sell. The thieves found one of those valuable inventions in the "Yankee's satchel," and found nothing else. As we have had no other genuine case, we presume those "street pals" have become disgusted with the business and gone into some more lucrative one. — the other night was asked, in sight of the City Hall clock, "what time was it?" and then knocked the inquirer down for his impertinence. As the fellow came sprawling on the pavement, he set up the yell, "Garotters! Garotters! Garotters!!!" In extenuation for his conduct the rascal said, that the cry of "garotting" "was the best 'stall' now, for every 'flat' cries garotte, no matter what happens." There is some truth in this, for a quarrel between man and wife is now by the papers reported as a garotte!!!

The highest salary of a Governor of any State in the Union is paid in California, \$10,000; and the lowest is in Vermont, \$750. Louisiana pays \$6,000; Virginia \$5,000, and New York \$4,000.

CAPT. GEO. DILKS, OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT.  
AMBOYPTED BY BRADY.

## CAPT. GEO. DILKS.

WE present the portrait of Capt. Geo. Dilks to our readers for the reason that the moment that Dr. Burdell's house was taken possession of by the police, Captain Dilks was put in charge. The duty was one of the most delicate that could be assigned to a public officer, and yet he performed it with delicacy and efficiency that called forth universal admiration, his subordinates vying with him in their strict attention to every duty. The picture will also give our readers abroad a clear idea of the uniform of the corps. Capt. Dilks is a native of New York city, and has been attached to the department some six years. To him the public are greatly indebted for the discovery of many facts which have transpired since the coroner's investigation began, Capt. Dilks having devoted his entire time when off duty to ferreting out testimony and collecting together evidence that would unravel the mystery that has hung over this most extraordinary of murders.

## CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS.

WHEEL-LOCK GUN, FORMERLY THE PROPERTY OF CHARLES IX.

THIS beautiful wrought gun is reported to be the weapon used by Charles IX., of infamous memory, in assisting at the massacre of his Huguenot subjects. This kingly part was performed from one of the windows of the Louvre; but circumstantially as the story has been told, it really does need some tangible witness, such as this gun, to assist even the imagination of so atrocious a deed. Whatever the interest that may attach to this weapon,

from its presumed associations, there can be no question that, as a piece of art workmanship, it is exceedingly choice. We have represented both sides of the gun, so that a perfect idea may be obtained of its ornamentation. On one side is the representation of Judith with the head of Holofernes, not altogether an unapt device destined for such tyrannical and treacherous uses. The gun is otherwise ornamented with devices of field sports, such as hawking, hunting, &c. The inlaying of the ivory of which these devices are formed is very perfect. This one might expect, for ivory working in those days was an art flourishing in Europe.

AN EDITOR'S VALEDICTORY.—One of the fraternity out West who appears to have become disgusted with the profession, assigns the following reasons for vacating his chair: "The undersigned retires from the editorial chair with the complete conviction that all is vanity. From the hour he started his paper to the present time he has been solicited to lie on every given subject, and can't remember having told a wholesome truth without diminishing his subscription list or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, and having a thorough contempt for himself, he retires in order to recruit his moral constitution."

MARRIAGES IN COLD WEATHER.—Several marriages have been indefinitely postponed by the providential interposition of snow banks on the railroads. A man at Trenton, N.J., was engaged to be married to a lady some twenty miles distant, made several attempts by railroad, sleigh and on foot, but did not succeed, and resigned himself to wait. A young man detained at Albany, half way on the same agreeable mission, did not bear the disappointment so well. He vented his grief in tears, and actually cried like a child—poor fellow!

ACCENT RIGHT.—"Ah, my friend, where have you been for a week back?" "For a week back! I have not been troubled with a week back, I thank you." "No, no! where have you been long back?" "Don't call me long back, you scoundrel!"

The Tabernacle property, Broadway, so famous for Woman's Rights meetings, is to be turned into stores.



WHEEL-LOCK GUN, FORMERLY THE PROPERTY OF CHARLES IX.

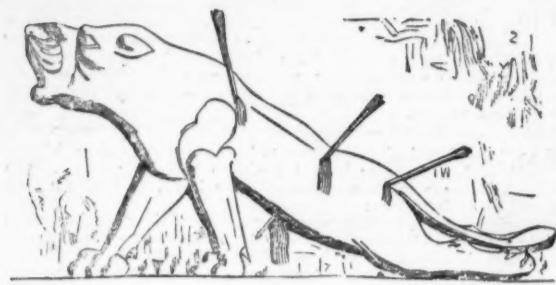


MISS ARABELLA, FINDING THAT MISS ARTEMISIA'S CRINOLINE IS THE LARGEST, BLOWS HER OWN TO A CORRESPONDING SIZE.

## A GLANCE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL REPRESENTATIONS ON THE NINEVEH BAS-RELIEFS.

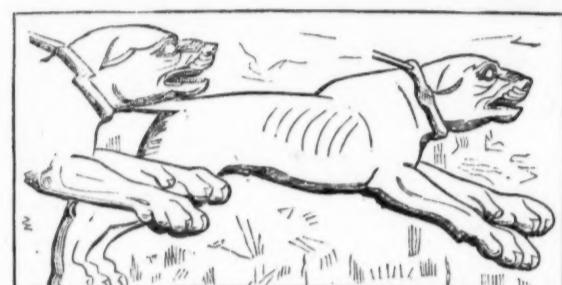
A GLANCE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL REPRESENTATIONS  
ON THE NINEVEH BAS-RELIEFS.

To wander through the galleries and vaults of the British Museum appropriated to the sculptured antiquities brought from the once glorious but now entombed city of Nineveh is an intellectual luxury. After the first feelings of bewilderment are over, and the mind settles down to the task of scrutiny, it is then that we begin to realize the full value of the objects around us. We feel that we are thrown back into times of remote antiquity—that a mysterious page in the



LIONESS.

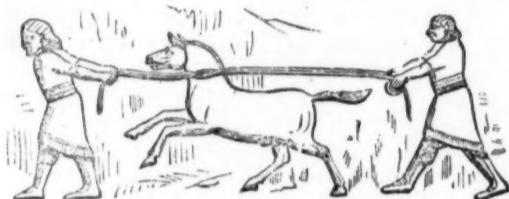
history of nations is spread before us. Many are its revelations, some are patent to every reflective observer, others are to be deciphered only by laborious study. In due time we begin to grow familiar with the kings and their attendants, with the people and their habits, with their wars and triumphs, with their splendor and barbarity. We are soon constrained to acknowledge that, however elevated in the arts, or powerful as a nation, the Assyrians may have been, they were a cruel people—cruel in their wars, cruel to the vanquished, cruel to the wild animals of the chase. They de-



HUNTING DOGS.

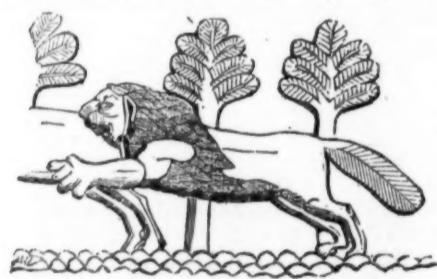
lighted in bloodshed; their conquests were followed by wholesale slaughter, and the chase, evidently a passion, was merely a battue.

We are not, however, about to attempt an analysis of any series of slabs in regular order; on the contrary, our present object is to pick out certain points of zoological interest which these sculptures represent, and offer a few brief comments upon them. It must be remembered that these slabs, covered over with sculptured figures, are not of one age or period of time, but of successive epochs, the most recent of which are of remote antiquity. Three thousand years have passed since the sculptor's hand plied the "chisel's art" upon their surface. They open to our contemplation the events of a suc-



WILD ASS TAKEN IN A LASO.

cession of dynasties from Derceto (1250 B. C.) to the son of Asshur-pal (who reigned about 630 B. C.). They record the sieges of towns, the combats of warriors, the triumphs of kings, the processions of the victors, the chains and fetters of the vanquished. But besides these subjects of high interest to the explorer of the history of nations passed away, to the learned antiquary, they unfold to our inspection a portfolio of zoological drawings *ad naturam*, executed by artists of great eminence in their day and generation, who evidently studied their subject, and engaged upon their work with



CHETAH, OR HUNTING LEOPARD.

energy. Let us turn from kings and satraps, the conquerors and the conquered, to these not less interesting subjects. How numerous are the tableaux of lions and lion-hunts, how spirited and truthful are those chiselled lithographs! Lions are before us in every attitude. Here we behold them in combat; here in movable dens or cages, from which they are about to issue forth; these cages are composed of stout bars or stocks of wood, and much resemble in form a square rat-trap, having in front at the top a small cage-like tower, of the same material, for the security of the man whose office it is to raise up the portcullis for the exit of the ferocious beast, which is



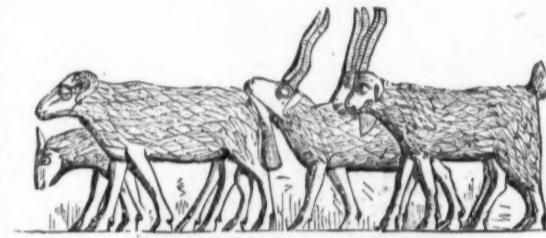
ELEPHANT. RHINOCEROS, OR STRAIGHT-HORNED OX.

delineated in the act of creeping forth, with a snarl and glaring eyes, aware of the enemies which he has to encounter. He is in the centre of a spacious arena inclosed by a wall—a living wall—consisting of men with interlocked shields in close array, each with an uplifted spear in his right hand ready to strike and drive the animal back into the open space, where the monarch and his nobles wheel around in their chariots, launching their arrows at the half-terrified, half-injured animal. Not always were the hunters unscathed: in one slab a lion has the lion fastened upon his haunches by teeth and talons; in another the lion is wrenching the chariot wheel in his agony and despair. One hunt presents us with four lions and two lionesses, dead or dying, transfixed with numerous arrows or javelins, in the arena. Wonderful is the picture. The attitudes of the animals are varied in the extreme: in some the relaxed limbs show that death has ended their torments; in others the agony is displayed in the contortion of the face and limbs, while a torrent of blood is vomited from the open mouths, and pours from the wounds made by the weapons, which often completely transfix the body. Painful are the pictures of lions struck through the muscles and spinal column of the loins; the lower limbs, deprived of power, are dragging along the ground, while the head and shoulders are erect, every lineament of the countenance exhibiting the intensity of despairing rage. The annexed cut represents a lioness, whose hinder limbs are paralysed by an arrow through the backbone.



BABOON ON THE SHOULDERS OF A SHOWMAN.

In some instances we have the representation of a single combat. A fragmental slab shows a warrior grasping the tail of a lion, probably wounded, which appears to be turning round on the defensive; but this part of the slab is defective. On another slab we see a King grasping a rampant lion by the throat, and passing his sword through the animal's chest; while, on a third slab, the King receives the lion on his spear, which he is driving down its throat. It was not, however, always that lions were brought in cages (like a bagged fox or a caged deer) to the man-walled arena; they were also hunted on the open plain, roused up by men and dogs from their lair. Many are



SHEEP.

SPIRAL-HORNED GOATS.

the representations of lions baited by dogs!—but of these we shall speak hereafter. These dogs are of huge size, and of most ferocious aspect, with rather short but pendulous ears, a large head, deep muzzle, and vigorous limbs. They much resemble the largest and



STAG.

PASENG.

Lion-hunting was evidently a passion amongst the ancient Assyrians, and as troops of captive enemies were led in procession to the foot of the conqueror, so were the bodies of the lions slaughtered by the hand of the monarch (flattered, no doubt, as to the number which fell beneath his weapons); for on one slab we see a procession of men carrying slain lions on their shoulders; each lion being supported by several men. The outline of the lions is most artistic.

There is one slab of peculiar interest connected with lions. It represents a sort of fortress, composed of many embattled towers of various height, rising up on the bank of a river. Above these towers—or rather, perhaps, allowing for deficiency of perspective—



SOW AND LITTER.

beyond them we see the portico of a palace, with pillars, and an esplanade beneath them, whereon are several lions walking about at their ease, as if guardians of the portal. May not this be the royal keep or stronghold of a castle, with its outer walls and towers guarded by lions, as dogs guarded the citadels and fortresses of Greece? The Egyptian monarchs are said, in many instances, to have been accompanied in battle by a favorite lion. The Egyptians, moreover, employed tame lions for the chase; as in India, at the present day, the chetah, or hunting-leopard, is kept in training for the pursuit of the antelope.

One thing, on a review of these stone tablets, cannot but strike us; that is, the multitude of lions which were brought to the arena, or hunted on the open plain. Probably they were kept and bred in vast preserves, or royal parks, as are deer, foxes, and pheasants in England; for certainly more were killed in a few batutes than could be found throughout a very large portion of Mesopotamia in the present day. We must reflect, however, that the lion, even within historic periods, was far more common and widely-spread in Western Asia than at present; it abounded also in the adjacent parts of

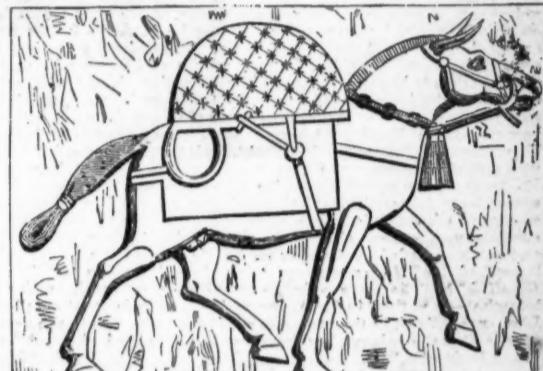
Europe. Herodotus informs us that the camels which carried the baggage of the army of Xerxes were attacked by them in the district of the Paeonians and Crestonci on their march from Acanthus to Therme (afterwards Thessalonica, now Salonia). He adds that these animals were numerous in the mountains between the rivers Nestus in Thrace and the Achelous which flows through Acaania. Aristotle gives the same locality as the abode of lions, and the same



CAMELS.

fact is recorded by Pliny, who says—"Longe viribus praestantiores iis quos Africa aut Lybia gignunt" (they far exceed in strength those which Africa or Lybia produces.) Pausanias, alluding to the disasters which befel the baggage-camels of Xerxes, states that lions descended from the plain at the foot of Olympus, between Macedonia and Thessaly.

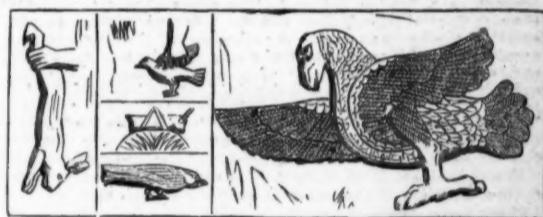
Mr. Layard states that the lion is now rarely found on the banks of the Tigris as far north as Mosul, or even above Bagdad. It



MULE.

would appear, however, to be more common along the Euphrates. It does not now exist in Syria.

We have already alluded to the hunting-dogs, so finely portrayed on the recently-received slabs, engaged in contests with lions and wild asses. These dogs are of huge size, and of most ferocious aspect, with rather short but pendulous ears, a large head, deep muzzle, and vigorous limbs. They much resemble the largest and



HARE. PIGEON. LOCUST. BIRD.

HAWK.

steepest of English mastiffs. They were led by attendants, and secured by means of a leash attached to a strong collar, and were thus ready to be slipped upon the quarry. We see them eager to rush forward, as well as in every conceivable attitude during the desperate conflict. On a slab representing the chase of the wild ass, one dog has seized the animal by the chest, while another dog has fastened on the ham, into which his teeth are deeply buried. No boar-hunt by Snyders or stag-hunt by Landseer can be more truthful and spirited. Mr. Layard says that he did not find any decided figures of the dogs on the walls of Khorsabad, although hunting scenes were delineated. The slabs in question represent many



hunts, in which these dogs take a prominent part. On another slab, for example, we have a picture of the chase of the wild ass by dogs and men armed with bows and arrows, and there are others of a similar character.

No sculptured dogs of antiquity that we have seen can for a moment be compared with these Assyrian mastiff-hounds. Such, perhaps, were the dogs of which Herodotus speaks; who says that, during the Persian occupation of Babylon, the number of these animals kept in the province was so great, that four cities were exempted from taxes for maintaining them. They were "dogs of war." Such, perhaps, was "Soter, the defender and saviour of Corinth."

With respect to the wild ass, which is still to be seen in the Sin-



EAGLE-HEADED HUMAN FIGURE. HUMAN-HEADED WINGED LION.

jar (to the west of Mosul) and on the banks of the Euphrates, it is represented on many slabs, and under different circumstances. On one we see a group of wild asses scouring the desert, flying to avoid the fate of an unlucky individual who is caught round the neck by a sort of double lasso. Two men are engaged, and each has thrown, not a noose, but a long loop of cordage or leather thong over the animal's head. They stand opposite to each other, holding the two ends of the line, so that, the strain being in different directions, the animal cannot disengage itself, as it might do if one loop only had been successfully thrown. The attitudes of the asses in this group are exquisite. Mr. Layard tells us that the Arabs of the Sinjar sometimes catch the foals of the wild ass during the spring, and bring them up in their tents; but he does not mention the mode in which their capture is effected.

We read in the Scriptures of the wild bulls of Bashan. That the wild bull was a tenant of Assyria and Mesopotamia generally, as well as of Syria and Asia Minor (to say nothing of Europe), is evident from the many representations of it on the bas-relief slabs in the British Museum. It is scarcely less formidable than the lion, and the King is seen contending with it, accompanied by armed men both on horseback in chariots, and on foot. A magnificent wild bull hunt is delineated on one of the slabs in the gallery, displaying an animated scene of bulls, horsemen, and charioteers: one bull is prostrate, transfixed with javelins.

But, besides the wild bull, domestic oxen of various breeds are of frequent occurrence; in some the horns are thick and slouching, and the withers high and hump-like; perhaps these are buffaloes. On one of the slabs we have a procession, perhaps, of the spoils of war, in which a cart or rude car, with three peasants or captives in it, is represented drawn by these oxen or buffaloes, with a drove of the same animals before them. In other instances the oxen have turned-up horns, arched necks, and straight backs. On the celebrated obelisk we see a bull with lunate horns, maned, and adorned with a collar and tassels round the neck. To this succeeds what Mr. Layard regards as intended to represent the Indian rhinoceros; but which, in spite of its single conical horn, we believe to be another kind of ox, and the rather, as, on a slab adjacent, we observed an animal, confessedly an ox, in which one horn is represented precisely in the same manner. It must be remembered that the artists of antiquity represent the gazelle of Northern Africa as the unicorn, with only one horn, and often, also, with only a single fore and hind leg, for obvious reasons. It may be intended for the gaur or jungly gau (gau or selo) of India. The animal next in succession is regarded by Mr. Layard as the chikara antelope; but this it certainly is not. It may be the bek-el-wash, the wild ox of the Arabs, the *bubales* of the ancients (*antelope bubales*), which occurs among the figures on the monuments of Upper Egypt, and which, now common in Northern Africa, appears formerly to have inhabited Upper Egypt. But we speak in doubt, for it may be intended to represent one of the large argali, or mouflons, of the mountain ranges. Its horns, its powerful limbs, its short upturned tail, and general aspect favor this conjecture, although the stature is somewhat exaggerated; but this is of no consequence, seeing that we have an elephant on the same obelisk equalled in height by a tailless ape, and much exceeded by the man who holds the ape in a leash. May it not be intended as a representation of the Armenian argali (*Ovis Gmelini*)? The same animal—called rass, or roosh, and also koosghar—is noticed in Sir A. Burnes' "Travels in Bokhara;" but Lieutenant Wood, in the narrative of his recent journey to the source of the Oxus, distinguishes between the rass and the kutchgar (koosghar)—the former having straight, spiral horns. The kutchgar, he says, is a noble animal, standing as high as a two-year-old colt, with a venerable beard, and two splendid curling horns, which, with the head, were so heavy as to require considerable exertion to lift them. We may here refer to Marco Polo, whose account of these mouflons has been so recently confirmed: nor must we here forget the splendid Siberian argali, first described by Pallas. With respect to species we do not presume to say anything determinate; we would only venture to suggest that the figure in question is that of a mouflon or argali.

It is remarkable that on the same obelisk we find the Bactrian, or two-humped camel, which is a native of the great steppes inhabited by the Tartar tribes, and is not known in Syria, Arabia, or Egypt (except as a foreign animal.) The range of this camel extends through Central Asia, Thibet, and the Chinese borders. This is the camel of the Crimea and of the region around the Black Sea. The argali tenants the same extent of country, in the mountain districts and over the elevated plains of Siberia. Among other tributary animals on the same obelisk is the elephant, evidently of the Asiatic species, as is indicated by its small ears; and three apes, one of large size and tailless, and which, but that its arms are very short, and its lower limbs very large and powerful, might be regarded as the orang-outang. It walks upright. The second ape has a short tail, and is also walking upright. A third, of smaller size, is resting on the shoulders of the man who leads the second, in a leash round the neck. The first, or orang, is by far the largest, and is led in a similar way by a single attendant. In a separate group, again, are two monkeys or apes, secured by thick chains in the grasp of two keepers. It is impossible to make out the species; but one, from its long mane and mass of flowing hair on the head, may be the wanger (Macacus Silenus,) a native of Malabar and Ceylon. We introduce a representation of one of these apes or baboons on the shoulders of a showman.

Representations of apes or monkeys on slabs are not unfrequent; but it would puzzle the naturalist to declare even as to their genus. They were not animals which the Assyrian artists had studied; they were curiosities brought from afar. To return, however, from these similes to the sheep and other ruminants: of sheep and goats, evidently domestic, we have many representations on the recent slabs. We have groups of both sometimes intermingled together; the sheep are occasionally of the fat-tailed race, but on other slabs they resemble British breeds, and, to our eyes, those in particular of the middle-wooled stock—especially the Dorset. The rams are horned, the ewes either hornless or with small horns; and the figure is altogether such as a farmer would not despise. On such a slab, representing such sheep, we see a mingling of goats and oxen; the goats, not only on this but on other slabs, are of different breeds, as they are even in our own country. Some have horns resembling those of the ibex or paseng, except that they are smaller; in others the horns are straight, with a spiral twist; in many instances we see both sheep and goats accompanied by their young. The intermingled flocks of sheep and goats cannot but remind the spectator of the expression in the Scriptures: "He shall separate them from one another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats, and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left." (Matthew xxv., 32-33.) We read in the same sacred work of the ravages on the flocks committed by the lion. See Micah v., 8; Jerem. l., 17, &c. The wild goat (ibex or paseng) is of frequent occurrence on these wondrous monuments of antiquity. On one we see a playful group with their young; another offers the representation of a hunt of these animals, which are yet abundant in the mountains of Kurdistan, where they were observed by Mr. Layard, who saw them in flocks. Some of his party, he says, endeavored to get within gunshot of them; but he adds that "after sunrise their watchfulness cannot be deceived, and they bounded off to the highest peaks long before the most wary of our marksmen could approach them." In the same range he states that bears are numerous, and much dreaded. He met with instances in which both sheep and oxen had fallen victims to their rapacity, and heard continual complaints of their depredations. On one occasion he measured the skin of a bear recently killed by a young hunter after a hazardous encounter, which was seven feet in length. They not only destroy cattle, but carry off the fruit (in the cultivated lands,) both when on the trees and when laid out to dry. We have not recognized the bear in any of the Assyrian slabs in the British Museum, although the ibex of the same mountain district is a common subject of delineation. In the district of Tiyari the fronts of the houses are ornamented with the skulls and horns of the ibex, and the walls of the interior are decorated with sketches of these animals, and of snakes in every variety of posture. This note refers to the village of Zawetha, where, Mr. Layard observes, "a taste for the fine arts seemed to prevail." The inhabitants of these mountains are descendants of the ancient Assyrians.

Among other animals on these pictorial slabs, we observe at least two species of deer—namely, the stag and the fallow-deer. The stag—a true *Cervus*—with branched horns, is not uncommon; and in one instance we see it inclosed within a net. To drive the deer or the wild hog into the mesh, the hunter's toils, was not only a practice in ancient times, but even in the mediæval ages.

To the classical reader abundant references to this mode of sport will suggest themselves; we shall not, therefore, trench upon our space by quotations. The representations of the fallow-deer, which cannot be mistaken—the palmate horns, and even the spotted markings of the coat, being very correctly drawn—are very interesting. On one slab (17), a deer of this species is carried by a hunter with the intent probably of saving it, or introducing it into a park. The fallow-deer is abundant in England, and over temperate and southern Europe generally, but its original locality is involved in some degree of obscurity. Cuvier, who remarks that the fallow-deer (the *Platyceros* of Pliny) has become common in all the countries of Europe, adds that it is a native originally of Barbary. We have ourselves examined many of the horns of the fallow-deer sent to the Zoological Society from the Tunisian territories, and we learn that it is known in Abyssinia. It inhabits Lithuania, Moldavia, Greece, and extends into Persia and the north of China. It was once common in Mesopotamia, or, at least, the district around Nineveh, as its representation on these entablatures proves. Thus, then, setting Europe aside, we have an extensive habitat for this species; but, in our own opinion, this habitat stretched over central and southern Europe, including England, into which we are inclined to believe that it never owed its introduction to human agency.

We have not noticed the wild boar on any of the slabs before us (one was found on a fragment in the latest-discovered palace, but the head was missing); but in the gallery, in a series of slabs (55, 56, &c.), which represent the transfer of a carved colossal bull to some other site, under the direction of Sennacherib, we observe a domestic sow and a litter of pigs, in a sort of paddock inclosed by a dense hedge of spiked shrubs. The sow is of goodly aspect, and appears to belong to a substantial farmer. In an adjacent inclosure we see two tame female deer—not fallow-deer, but of the genus *Cervus*, evidently domesticated. One is lying down quiet, while it chews the cud; the other is in a standing posture.

We have alluded to the figures of the Bactrian, or two-humped, camel, as occurring in a triumphal procession. It does not, therefore, surprise us to find numerous representations of the Arabian or Syrian one-humped species, common over Northern Africa and Asia Minor. The two breeds, the ordinary camel of burden and the light swift breed, or dromedary, are distinctly characterized on one slab taken from the central ruins at Nimroud; two horsemen, armed with spears, are pursuing a fugitive, probably an Arab, mounted on a fleet camel, which seems to strain every muscle as it speeds along. Dead or dying men—one decapitated—are lying on the ground. They are weaponless, as is the rider on the camel, who holds forth his arm in token of supplication. We cannot but suspect that we are treated with the memorial of an onslaught against some unsuspecting and unprepared tribe. The distinction observable on these reliefs of antiquity between the slow and the swift camel is very interesting, for the two breeds are preserved to the present day. The pace of the slow-going camel used for burden is about three miles an hour, regular as clockwork, the load of each animal being between four and five hundred weight. Such are the camels of which long files or caravans still cross the desert as they did of yore, bearing their loads of merchandise; and such is the fleet dromedary, the *Maherry* or *El Heire* of the Arabian desert, of which the Arab thus speaks in figurative language, "When thou shalt meet a *Heire*, and say to the rider 'Peace be between us,' ere he shall have answered 'There is peace between us,' he will be far off and nearly out of sight, for his swiftness is like the wind." It is said that a journey of seventy or even a hundred miles in the twenty-four hours, and continued for several successive days at the same ratio, is by no means an unusual rate of traveling. The swift *Heire* is still used for the conveyance of messengers, as it was in the time when Mordecai sent letters by post on horseback, and riders on mules, camels, and young dromedaries." It is also at the present time employed in desultory warfare in the desert; that it was so anciently well known, for we read of "four hundred young men that rode on camels," which escaped the sword of David. Bonaparte, when in Egypt, had a dromedary corps, each animal carrying two soldiers.

Noble was the breed of horses among the Assyrians, and most characteristic are the delineations of these high-bred animals, which the slabs present to our inspection in great abundance. Among the nations of antiquity the horse was not commonly used for servile drudgery—it was employed as an arm of war; it drew the light chariots of the monarch or his leaders in battle, or in the pursuit of the lion and other animals of the chase; or it carried warriors armed either with the spear, or the bow; or it swelled the pageant of a triumphal procession. It was adorned with embroidered trappings, with rosettes, fringes, tassels, and plumes. Horsemen and chariooteers constituted an important part of the Assyrian army. "Horsemen," says Mr. Layard, "are seen in the most ancient sculptures of Nimroud; and I have already mentioned that disciplined bodies of cavalry were represented in the bas-reliefs of Kouyunjik." We learn from the Book of Judith that Holofernes had 12,000 archers on horseback. By the side of the king a horse richly caparisoned, apparently for his use—perhaps to enable him to fly, should his chariot-horse be killed—is frequently seen, led by a warrior, and following his chariot.

The same writer, after observing that the horses of the Assyrians, as far as we can judge from the sculptures, were well formed, and apparently of noble blood, adds: "It has been doubted whether the breed for which Mesopotamia and the neighboring deserts of Arabia are now celebrated, existed in the same vast plains at a remote period, or whether it was introduced shortly after the Mahometan conquest."

In our opinion the original country of the horse extends over the central regions of Asia, whence, in a domestic state, it passed into South-Western Asia; and thence, by an influx of conquering nomadic hordes (Hyksos Scythians or Shepherd Kings) into Egypt.

It may be remembered that, in the year B. C. 1920, Abraham was driven by famine into Egypt: the then reigning Pharaoh possessed sheep, oxen, camels, and asses in abundance; but the horse is not mentioned. About 235 years later, when Joseph was viceroy in Egypt, we not only read of his riding in the second chariot, but of his accepting horses in exchange for corn from the royal granary. And at a subsequent period the Israelites, on their "exodus," were pursued by six hundred chosen chariots, besides horsemen. At a still later period the Hebrews, though debarred by the Mosiac injunctions from "multiplying horses," abundant in the surrounding territories tenanted by hostile nations, broke in process of time through the law, and added cavalry and chariots to their army, and to the "apparatus" of royalty. Horses were offered to the Jews by the Assyrian king as an acceptable present (see 2 Kings, xviii., 23); and on the statistical tablet of Karnak they are mentioned among the objects of tribute brought by the people of Naharaina (Mesopotamia) and the neighboring countries to the Egyptians. The Jews carried on a trade with Egypt in horses (see 1 Kings, x., 28, 29): the Egyptians received their stock from Mesopotamia. With respect to the modern Arabian horse, we may observe that it was not cultivated till after the time of Mahomet, who wrote in its praise. No doubt it is a descendant of the old Assyrian race, such as is described in that celebrated passage of the Book of Job, the grandeur of which no classic poet has equalled. We might dilate to a great extent upon this subject, in which the history of the horse is blended with that of man. But we must draw in the reins, though an open course is before us. We may, however, direct our readers to the fourth chapter of the "History of the Horse," by W. C. L. Martin (Knight and Co.), in which those interested on such a topic may find some observations worthy of their consideration.

With respect to the mule little need be said—it was evidently used as a beast of burden, and was a powerful animal, probably the offspring of the wild ass and Assyrian mare. The subjoined cut will give an idea of its fine form and proportions. It is represented carrying nets to the hunting-field.

Among smaller quadrupeds we notice the hare, of which we engrave one held by the hind legs in the hand of a sportsman. It is probably the *Lepus Aegyptiacus*, smaller than our common European species.

Let us now turn to the species of the feathered tribe which these bas-reliefs represent. The ostrich is represented incised on the robe of a eunuch; and, always in connection with scenes of battle and slaughter, is the vulture conspicuous. On one slab, evidently representing the capitulation of a city, we behold three vultures—two on the wing and one feasting on the body of a slain warrior. The slab is marked 15 b. The birds, we may observe, are more conventionally drawn than the quadrupeds, and do not appear to have been so diligently studied by the artists—who, however, fail both in their figures of the elephant, and the apes or monkeys. On another slab

in the gallery, representing a triumphal return after some devastating inroad, a vulture is seen towering aloft, carrying in its talons the head of one of the slain. A conflict is depicted on another bas-relief, where, over the combatants a vulture soars in the air, dragging in his claws the entrails of one of the fallen heroes, which he has torn, perchance, from the yet quivering body. As we surveyed this bas-relief we involuntarily uttered to ourselves a line in Ovid, which the revolting picture recalled to memory—

Unguibus et rostro, tardus fralit illa vultur.

(With talons and with beak the sluggish vulture trails forth the inward parts.)

From the earliest times the vultures have been notorious for their attendance on the battle-field. "Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." (Matthew xxiv., 28.) For eagles read vultures. Homer alludes to the united feast of vultures and wild dogs on the bodies of the slain in battle; and in fact the ancient classic writings teem with passages illustrative of such scenes of warfare as these slabs delineate, in which the vulture plays a conspicuous part.

Per auras longe duncunt odore voluri cadaveribus.—LUCRETIUS.

The vulture thus depicted appears to be the griffon (*Vultur fulvus*).

Besides the vulture we have the pigeon and the swallow. The annexed cuts are representations of these birds, as they are delineated on various slabs:

Turning from land scenes to representations of rivers, or the margin of the sea—on which are war-galleys, boats, and men swimming—we see fish in abundance; some short and scaled, others long and eel-like, together with crabs, tortoises and reptiles. To determine the species would be an almost useless attempt, for it is evident that the artist aimed rather at the indication of water than of any species of the finny tribe which might tenant it—these being merely adjuncts to certify to the spectator its distinction from the land.

Among insects we observe the locust.

So far, then, irrespective of chronological arrangement, have we passed over in zoological review the recovered relics of buried Nineveh. We confess to the meagreness of our details; but we have done as much as possible within the limited space allotted to us. We merely give rough notes *en passant*—nothing more.

The following are the sources whence the illustrations have been derived:

*Lioness*, from a slab discovered by Mr. H. Rassam, and now in the vaults of the British Museum.

*Wild Ass*, from a slab in the British Museum, discovered by Mr. Loftus. It is represented taken in a lasso,

*Elephant, Chetah, or Hunting Leopard, Rhinoceros, or Straight-horned Ox*, from the Nimroud obelisk in the British Museum, discovered by Mr. Layard. The chetah is depicted on the Nimroud obelisk attacking a stag or gazelle. This latter animal is finely portrayed on several successive slabs in Ashurbanipal Palace.

*Goats and Sheep, Monkey, Eagle, Ostrich; Human-headed Winged Lion and Eagle-headed Human Figure*, engraved on a eunuch's robe, from a slab found at Nimroud by Mr. Layard. The eagle-headed figure is apparently castigating the winged lion. The tail of the lion shows the claw at the extremity, which is more clearly represented on the Nimroud Sculptures.

*Wild Pig and Young, Crab, Fish*, from Kouyunjik Gallery in the British Museum. (Crabs are caught in the River Khauser, which runs by the mounds of Kouyunjik and Khorsabad.)

*Camels*, from one of Mr. Bouthier's sketches—the original sculpture was lost in the Tigris.

*Mule*, from a slab in the British Museum, discovered by Mr. Loftus. It is represented going to the hunting-ground, carrying a portion of a net inclosure.

*Small Bird*, from a fragment in Mr. Bouthier's possession.

*Locust*, from one of Mr. Bouthier's sketches—fragment left at Nineveh. The grasshopper or locust and the bird are sculptured on the trees of a garden where the King and Queen are enjoying themselves.

*Fabulous Monster*, from a slab found by Mr. Loftus. This slab formed one of the entrance-portals. The animal had lion's legs.

#### ORIGINS AND INVENTIONS.

**ORIGIN OF GOVERNMENT LOANS.**—Before Queen Elizabeth's reign the English monarchs usually obtained voluntary loans from Antwerp, but their credit was so low that they were obliged to make the city of London join in the security, besides paying ten or twelve per cent. interest. Sir Thomas Gresham engaged the Company of Merchant Adventurers to grant a loan to Queen Elizabeth, and as the money was repaid, her credit by degrees established in the city, and she shook off this dependence on foreigners. Sir Josiah Child states that in 1666 there were on "Change more men worth £10,000 than there were in 1650 worth £1,000; that £500 with the daughter was in the latter period, deemed a larger portion than £2,000 in the former; that gentlemen in the earlier times thought themselves well clothed in serge gowns, which a chambermaid would, in 1688, be ashamed to be seen in; and that, besides the great increase of rich clothes, plate, jewels, and household furniture, coaches were in that time augmented a hundred-fold. Lord Clarendon says that in 1665, when money, in consequence of the treaty, was to be remitted to the Bishop of Munster, it was found that the whole trade of England could not supply above £100 a month to Frankfurt and Cologne, nor above £20,000 a month to Frankfort.

**JURY.**—From Latin (*pyxis*), a box made of the box-tree (*Pyxantha*), used by the ancients for gallipots, and to hold the host in Catholic churches. A jury, consisting of the members of the corporation of the goldsmiths of the city of London, assembled upon an inquisition of very ancient date, called the trial of the *pyx*. The object of this inquisition is to ascertain whether the coin of the realm manufactured at her Majesty's mint is of the proper or legal standard. This investigation as to the standard of the coin is called *pizing it*; and hence the jury appointed for the purpose is called a *pyx jury*. The investigation takes place usually once a year, and the Lord High Chancellor presides and points out to the jury the nature of their duties. They have to ascertain whether the coin produced is of the true standard or "sterling" metal, of which, by stat. 25th Edward III., c. 13, all the coin of the kingdom must be made. This standard has been frequently varied, but for some time has been thus settled: The pound troy of gold consisting of twenty-four carats (or twenty-four parts) fine, and two of alloy, is divided into forty-four guineas and a half, of the present value of 2s. each; and the pound troy of silver consisting of eleven ounces and two pennyweights pure, and eighteen pennyweights alloy, is divided into twelve.

**A BROKEN HEART.**—Miss Ann Lyell kept a boarding school at Amesland, Northampton, England; her mother lived in the same house with her, and had been ill for some time. One evening recently the daughter sat up with her mother. About two o'clock she fell asleep, and when she awoke found that her mother had expired. She endeavored to leave the room for assistance, but fell insensible at the door. This awoke another young lady who was sleeping in the room, and she immediately attempted to arouse those sleeping in the house, and in doing so had to remove the body of the daughter from the door, which so overcame her that she fainted, and lay insensible till nearly seven o'clock, when she recovered and called for assistance. It was then found that the daughter was dead—it is supposed that she did not survive her mother more than a few seconds. A medical certificate, to the effect that she died of a broken heart, caused by fright and too sudden exertion, has prevented an inquest being held.

**WORDS.** Are signs, or symbols of ideas and thoughts, produced by sounds, and combinations of sounds, or by letters and their combinations. In the language of an old writer, who somewhat quaintly expresses himself, "He that has names without ideas, wants meaning in his words, and speaks only empty sounds. He that has complex ideas without names for them, wants dispatch in his expression. He that uses his words loosely and unsteadily, will either not be minded or not understood. He that applies names to ideas, different from the common use, wants propriety in his language, and speaks gibberish; and he that has ideas of substances disagreeing with the

## LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPEAN affairs generally were in a state of quietude, and the main interest was centred in the Persian question.

The London *Globe* has a telegram from Constantinople, dated Jan. 19, announcing that the British steamers have retired from the vicinity of the Isle Serpents.

## THE PERSIAN DIFFICULTY.

It is believed that Persia has submitted to the demands of the British, but the intelligence is yet received with doubt. Details of the capture of Bushire have been received from Bombay under date of Jan. 2 and Nov. 29. Some British ships have arrived off the fort of Bushire. Correspondence ensued, and on Dec. 3 the British sent on shore a copy of the declaration of war. Next day, the 4th, the British took possession of the Island of Karrack, with out opposition, as a military depot.

During the 7th and 8th the British troops disembarked at Hallila Bay, twelve miles south-west of Bushire; the men landing with three days' rations and without baggage. On the morning of the 9th the army, in two brigades, advanced along the coast toward the ships, which were sailing a little ahead on the flank.

The ship *Assaye*, on coming abreast of Fort Bushire, shelled it from a distance of 1,700 yards and dislodged the garrison, 800 of whom took up a new position, to oppose the British advance. Brigadier Stopford was shot down while leading on his men to the attack.

The British thereupon rushed on the enemy, who fought sharply with the bayonet until driven back upon the fort, whence they attempted to escape, but were met by the British Rifles seaward and by the cavalry landward. Colonel Melot, of the cavalry, was killed. The enemy were not Persians but Arabs.

They lost three chiefs and a large number of men. The British loss is reported to be thirty-five men. Bushire was then summoned to surrender, and the channel having been buoyed during the night, the city was bombarded, and replied steadily for four hours, then surrendered, when the British entered the town. The British report no loss in the fleet.

The Governor, Commander of the Fleet, and an officer reported to be the Minister of War, were made prisoners. The garrison, being too numerous to retain, were escorted some distance into the interior and there liberated.

Bushire was proclaimed British territory and a free port.

## THE CHINESE WAR.

Details are to hand confirming telegraphic accounts of the Chinese troubles. The factories have been burnt down by the Chinese.

Dent & Co.'s premises were the first to go, and the whole of Pauhun Hong, Imperial, French, Minques Soi; all the Honga, indeed, are destroyed. The only houses untouched, when the steamer left, were the British Consulate, Augustine Heard & Co.'s, H. Jardine, Matteson & Co.'s, Turner & Co.'s, and one or two others in the English Hong; Russell & Co.'s, in Swedish Hong, and Wetmore & Co.'s, Imperial Hong, and whether they would ultimately escape was very doubtful.

The three banks, Oriental, Agra and Mercantile, were on fire, with no hopes of saving them.

It is reported that the Chinese have apologized to the American authorities for the outrages committed against the American flag.

## CONGRESSIONAL.

THE Senate passed on Saturday the 14th inst. the important House bill for two wagon roads to California, one beginning at Fort Kearney and going by the way of the South Pass all the way through; the other starting at El Paso, near Santa Fe, and going to the Pacific, the road between Santa Fe and Missouri not needing an appropriation. The Senate at the same time passed the Minnesota Land Bill; it was introduced by Mr. Tocumb, and is a political move to damage the Republicans. The object being foreseen, it will probably be frustrated by the bill receiving their support in the House.

The opinion is gaining ground that nothing can be done with the Tariff this session, beyond increasing the free list. The conflict of views exhibited in debate points only in this direction. Great exertions are making to revive the Atlantic Telegraph bill and push it through.

## OBITUARY.

WILLIAM C. REDFIELD, the well-known writer on meteorology, died on the 12th of February, at his residence in New York city. He was born in 1789—the son of a sea-captain, who died early. While yet young, he sought to be useful. He was among the first to develop steam navigation between Hartford and New York. He was prominent in the formation of the Erie Canal. In 1815, he gave himself to the investigation of the Law of Storms, and has bequeathed to the world some valuable discoveries. He was an ardent lover of nature, and ever forward in every benevolent effort.

## ARMY.

A motion has been adopted by the United States Senate requesting the Secretary of War to communicate copies of all reports which may have been made to that department by the officers who were sent to the seat of war in Europe in 1855 and 1856.

## FINANCIAL.

A considerable degree of interest is felt in financial circles as to the consequences which might grow out of the adjournment of Congress on the 4th March without a readjustment of the tariff, so as to bring the surplus means of the treasury within a more reasonable compass.

The decline at the Stock Exchange was large and very general. The operations of the closing three days of the week were quite excited, growing partly out of the use made by the speculators for the fall of the specie movements and the reported continued stringency in money in England, and partly out of the urgent demand for money, on the street and at bank, generally at dearer rates than have been paid since the beginning of the new year.

## MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—The fourth week of M. Strakosch's operatic season commenced auspiciously, notwithstanding the great disappointment both of the public and management, caused by the unfortunate and unforeseen sickness of Madame Cora Do Wilhorst. On Monday evening the popular opera of "Il Trovatore" attracted a large and fashionable audience, and the performance of the opera gave great and general satisfaction. The character of Leonora is well adapted to the vocal and dramatic abilities of Madame Teresa Pardi, and her rendition of it was worthy her brilliant reputation, evidencing as it did all that dramatic force and vocal energy which have placed her personalities among the realities of art. Tiberini pleased us more as Manrico, upon this occasion, than on his first personation of that character. He acted the part well in all its details, and his singing was a model of exquisite tenderness, sentiment and fine taste. The high position as an artist which Signor Tiberini has won by the force of his genius, is but grudgingly allowed by some of the critics of the city. The fact is that they were mistaken in the first as to his artistic standing, and they find it an unpalatable office to eat their own words. However, Tiberini is fully compensated for their lukewarmness by the enthusiastic reception given him by the public, which is, after all, in the long run, the true test of the merits of a public man. We must accord to Madame D'Orsay her full meed of praise for the excellent way in which she personated Azucena. She sang the music well, and acted the part far better than any of her predecessors. Morelli, too, seemed more than usually attentive on this occasion. He sang ably throughout, but more particularly in the aria "Il Velen," which he sang most deliciously.

On Wednesday evening the favorite opera of "Ernani," with a strong cast, consisting of Signorina Teresa Pardi, and Signori Tiberini, Arnoldi, Barilli, and Morelli. The performance was well received, and the house was again largely and fashionably attended.

On Friday evening M. Strakosch took his benefit. "Il Trovatore" was performed to a brilliant audience, notwithstanding the most wretched state of weather which prevailed. The performance was enthusiastically received, and the short season closed without a speech from the management.

When M. Strakosch determined to confine his advertising to three daily papers, there was a general yell of agony mingled with predictions of utter failure, which prediction has not, unfortunately for the prophets, been fulfilled. We are given to understand that the brief season has proved successful, both in point of public favor and in a pecuniary sense. There has been no great profit, but there has been no loss. Encouraged by his first managerial essay, M. Strakosch, will commence another short season on Monday evening next, Feb. 23d, when in addition to Madile, Pardi, Tiberini, and others, Madame Cora Do Wilhorst, who has quite recovered from her illness, will appear as Amira in "Sonnambula," and other popular parts. We have no doubt that this will be a more brilliant season than the one just concluded.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.—After a profitable sojourn with us for many months, Gottschalk left us last Saturday for Havana. It was his intention to give concerts through the South down to New Orleans, but the travelling routes were so obstructed that he was forced to abandon his intention. He will be in New Orleans some time in the month of March, and his concerts there will, without doubt, prove a little gold mine for him. He has our warmest wishes for his success wherever he goes, although, like other birds of passage when the instinct seizes them, he left and made no sign. The many pleasant hours we have passed under the spell of his playing will long be remembered and treasured.

THALBERG'S FIFTEENTH CONCERT.—The return of this great artist once more set in motion a musical excitement. Niblo's Saloon was crowded on Monday evening, and the novel arrangement of the room caused many remarks. The platform was placed in the centre of the room, the audience being seated round it in a semi-circle. The experiment was altogether successful; the piano, which is not an instrument suited for a large room, was heard to perfection by every one present, and the shortened range of sight enabled the nearest sighted person to see the performers. We never heard Thalberg so

admirably as upon this occasion. His selections were delightful. He played for the first time in this city his famous "Airs Russes," and his exquisite "Andante." We have always thought that in these two pieces the varied beauties of his style were the best exhibited. The result on Monday evening proved that our impression was correct. In the "Airs Russes" every phase of his great perfection is exemplified; in the exquisitely melodious andante introduction, so full of poetry and feeling, his power of sostenuto, told with marked effect, as also in the first simple and beautiful tempi; in the following variations, smooth and flowing but elaborately involved, that wonderful separateness of the fitters, in which he is beyond all rivalry, was never so distinctly manifest; while in the massive grandeur of the second tema and finale, his great power, almost orchestral, was something to marvel at. His performance of the "Andante" can only be described as the utmost possible perfection achievable by human hands, guided by a well balanced intellect, over the difficulties of a mechanical instrument. We never listened to a more faultless performance, and we cannot imagine anything to exceed it. The profound delight that we experienced on this occasion far exceeded all our previous emotions of pleasure in listening to the great prophet of the pianoforte.

Madame D'Angri was in magnificent voice, and sang superbly. More wonderfully brilliant and perfectly intoned execution we never listened to. From the new position of the orchestra, her voice becomes somewhat too powerful for the room; and this fact, in addition to her dramatic style, gives an air of exaggeration to some of her effects. It would be well for her to bear this in mind, and modify her power accordingly. Madame Johanna sang two German "Lieder," by Schubert and Kucken, very charmingly. In the aria from "Der Freischütz" she was not so successful. Joseph Burke met with a most hearty reception. He is an old and well-esteemed favorite with our citizens, and he is always welcomed by them as an old friend. He played De Bériot's "Tremolo" in a masterly manner, and was honored by a loud and persistent encore, but wisely enough did not repeat the piece. If all our best artists will resist the indiscriminate encores, that much abused system will be effectively stopped. Mrs. E. L. Davenport read, with much emphasis and effect, Longfellow's poem, "The Skeleton in Armor."

Thalberg's sixteenth concert, on Wednesday, was equal in success to his last. He performed, in his unapproachable manner, his *Fantasie* of Norma. Massenet, the Prayer from *Moscé*, and, for the first time, Chopin's celebrated *Marche Funèbre*. Thalberg's seventeenth concert takes place this evening, Saturday, February 21st, with all the attractions of his previous concerts. The two gratuities children's concerts at Niblo's Garden, this week, were delightful occasions. Six thousand children were present, and listened to the beneficial Thalberg with much apparent delight.

ESPEL'S CLASSICAL QUARTETTE SOIRÉE.—The fourth soirée (seventh season) of this charming series takes place at Dodworth's Academy, on Tuesday evening next, February 24th, when a choice selection of music will be performed. The instrumental music will comprise Beethoven's C Minor Quartette, Schumann's Grand Quintette in E flat, in which Mr. Tissot will sustain the piano part, and Rubinstein's Grand Quartette in G Major, first time in New York. The vocal part will be sustained by Mdlle. de Roode, who made so great a sensation at the charity concert at Dr. Townsend's mansion. The rehearsal takes place at twelve on Tuesday. We hope to see a large attendance.

## THE DRAMA.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The production of "William Tell" has attracted overflowing audiences at this house. The play has been put upon the stage in fine style; the scenery demands much favorable comment. Mr. Forrest portrays the character of William Tell with great force and spirit. He enters thoroughly into its nature, and brings out its salient points of strength and weakness with masterly effects. William Tell must be ranked as among his greatest personations. On the off nights of Mr. Forrest, Mr. Henry Plaide, Mr. Thomas Plaide and Mr. Blake, appear in favorite and stirring comedies, supported by the strength of the stock company. They are all most admirable actors, and cannot fail to prove highly attractive. There is a rumor going about, that after the engagement of Mr. Forrest concludes, a novelty is to be produced at this establishment that will astonish our citizens. We do not know what it is to be, but we have every faith in the enterprise and liberal spirit of the Broadway management.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—The mysterious murder case has in some measure attracted the attention of the public from the amusements of the metropolis, but the charming performances at this establishment have attracted fair audiences. The quiet, unpretending character of the new drama, "Mary's Birthday," could hardly be expected to make a strong impression at once upon a public so accustomed to the strong excitements of French vice artistically delineated; but each representation of this natural, touching home story has confirmed and increased the first wholesome impression, and begins now to attract those whose tastes are not hopelessly vitiated. It is a drama in which the nobler impulses of our nature are exemplified—in which sacrifices for principle are held up as worthy—a drama, in short, which proves triumphantly that it is not necessary to illustrate vice to create sympathy and interest, but that from out the inevitable sorrows of our life incidents may be found and worked up into dramatic form of the most absorbing and ennobling interest, which none can witness without feeling the divinity of goodness, which sanctifies the human heart in which it dwells. Let us have more of such pieces, so that those who seek for pleasure may find it in a form which, while it amuses, appeals to the higher sentiments of our nature.

Miss Laura Keene as Mary is one of the most tender, gentle, affectionate, womanly beings that ever graced the mimic art. Her delineation is not acting, it is all truth, nature that shames the wiles of calculated art. In some notices of this piece we read that Miss Keene has but little to do, because, we suppose, it is a quiet, natural part without stage rant; the critics either forgot or did not know how difficult it is in such a part to make a strong and enduring impression. The absence of show and glitter, of emphatic declamation robs the actor of the recognized means of making "hits" and telling points, but that power of vibrating the finer sensibilities by touches of natural feelings and pathos, and which is far beyond all tricks of studied art, Miss Laura Keene possesses in a high degree, and hence her power of enchanting her audiences. Miss Laura Keene has no superior on the American stage, and but very few who can approach her excellence. We most cordially recommend our readers to see "Mary's Birthday" whenever it is performed, for we wish them to enjoy that which has afforded us so much pleasure.

Great preparations are being made to produce in superb style a version of "Faust and Margaret." Report speaks very highly of the piece, and we learn that the whole strength of the establishment will be brought to bear to make it the great success of the season.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—A succession of brilliant ballets and laughable extravaganzas and pantomimes, not forgetting the wonders of the tight rope dancing, has made this popular place of amusement more than usually attractive during the week now ending. It is but rarely that we see congregated in one establishment such a galaxy of terpsichorean talent as is represented by the following names: Madame Robert, Marzetti, Windel, Flora and Julia Schumann, V. Chiari and Madame Montplaisir, together with M. M. Leon, Espinosa, Paul Brillant, Mangin and Marzetti. These, with the wonderful comedians and pantomimists, the Ravel Family, and the extraordinary rope dancers, Young Hengler and Young America, form a company which in varied talent and particular excellence can hardly be compared with. We regret to state that this week will close the engagement of this renowned troupe.

WALLACE'S THEATRE.—Miss Heron has achieved another great success, in the character of Medea, in a piece of that name, translated by herself from the French. The press of matter this week precludes the possibility of noticing her performance at any length. We shall endeavor to do her justice in our next.

In the meantime we will state, in justice to the lady, that most of the papers have endorsed her acting of this new part in every respect. She has received unlimited praise and fill the house nightly to overflowing. These two facts are sufficiently indicative of a great success, and the results must be highly gratifying both to the artist and the manager.

BROUGHAM'S BOWERY THEATRE.—The performances at this establishment continue to be of a character thoroughly adapted to the taste of its visitors, which is the surest of all signs that the management is in the right hands. The reduction of the price of admission to the dress circle is a practical democratic movement, and must prove acceptable to the people and profitable to the management.

DUSSELDORF GALLERY.—For a quiet afternoon of art-enjoyment we know no place so admirable in every respect as the Dusseldorf Gallery of Paintings.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

THE man who, in his course of conduct towards his jackass, tried to please everybody, found, after all his well-meant endeavors, that he had lost his time. So with the critic temerarious who dares to meddle with the sacred works of the imperious magnates of the music-publishing community. We have offended the dignity of at least one house by our remarks last week; first, because we praised the good; and second, because we condemned the bad. We were evidently expected to cry up the trash which fools buy, and pass coldly by the good, because, forsooth, the wise folks are few. Now, as our only desire in this department is to help the sale of good works, to aid in the dissemination of pure taste, and to destroy the influence of the trashy, twaddling, maudlin, no-ideal, ungrammatical nonsense, which breed like fungi in our music-publishing houses; and as neither course which we adopted in our last seems to have given satisfaction, why in the future we shall please ourselves, and trust to the integrity of our motives, and whatever worth our remarks may possess, for the reception of our Musical Reviews.

ROMANCE. L'ABSENCE ET LE RETOUR, SUITE D'UNE GRANDE POLKA BEILANTE, PAR WM. V. WALLACE. WM. HALL & SON.—The pianoforte compositions of Wm. Vincent Wallace can only be counted by volumes. No one of them but has a special merit, and some of them rank among the most fanciful and poetic creations which have been written exclusively for the piano. The piece under notice is certainly among the best of his piano works. Partaking of the characteristics of the *Fantaisie*, the *Nocturne* and the *Polka*, its composite character admits of a variety, which is as fascinating as it is effective. It opens with an impetuous broken movement, suggestive of mental agitation and wild grief

caused by parting from home and its dear ones, which is gradually tranquilized, and leads to a lovely andante in C sharp minor, which breathes of tender memories and fond associations, but which the *com moto* at page 6 proves not to be wholly without fears or anxieties, though these are again quieted by the melodious breathings of hope and love which succeed. Then comes an episode, *agitato con moto*, which speaks of the hopes, doubts and fears which ever assail those who approach home after a long absence, but which are all resolved by the burst into the joyous *Polka*, which comes upon the ear fresh, gleeful, but tender and not altogether joyous, until yielding to the full tide of happy emotion, the spirit of the movement becomes irresistible, and the necessary climax is accomplished. The whole conception of the piece is charming, and Mr. Wallace has worked it out with great dramatic power. It is a beautiful tone-poem, and may be classed with his "La Reine," "Music's Murmuring," "Village Maiden's Song," "Night Winds," &c. The introduction of the *Polka* movement, may, in the minds of many, be looked upon as a fault; its measured movement, in connection with its universal popularity, may be subversive of their ideas of the classical; they would have preferred the *Rondo*. But, to our thinking, the *Rondo* would not have been as appropriate in this place as the *Polka*. A lightening up, an enlivening was needed, which the more classic form of the *Rondo* could never impart. We cannot wish for any alteration in its construction; the intended effect has been successfully obtained, and the result is a charming, thoughtful and effective piece for concert or drawing-room. It is dedicated to his beautiful, accomplished and amiable wife, who, while appreciating the sentiment of the dedication, can the best and most feelingly interpret its beauties. It is worthy the consideration of first-class players, and we cordially recommend it as being all that we have described.

I HAVE WAITED FOR THY COMING. BALLAD, COMPOSED BY WILLIAM V. WALLACE. WILLIAM HALL & SON.—A very graceful melody in A flat to a pretty little poem.

THE LINGERING YET BROKEN ACCOMPANIMENT in the first measures is a pretty concerto in illustration of the subject.

ONE PARTING SONG AND THEN FAREWELL. BALLAD, WRITTEN BY H. W. CHALLIS, MUSIC BY WILLIAM V. WALLACE. WILLIAM HALL & SON.—A smooth and pleasing air in F major; a little love-sick and sentimental, but only equal in these respects to the words. The gentleman tells the lady that the bonds of love which they riveted have come unsoldered, and requests her to chant a little ditty before they say farewell for ever. The artlessness of the request is in strict accordance with the state of agitation of two broken-hearted lovers. The lady, however, might have been "some" in singing, and the tender swain probably thought that she would receive with pleasure this last delicate attention. It is just the song for love-lorn maidens.

THE WIND THAT WAFT MY SIGNS TO THEE. BALLAD, WRITTEN BY H. W. CHALLIS; MUSIC BY WILLIAM V. WALLACE. WILLIAM HALL & SON.—This is a beautiful song, full of impassioned sentiment and tenderness, and eloquent in its expression of the subject. It has the charm of truthful earnestness and is devoid of all artificial sentiment. The poem is as earnest and beautiful as the music, and ranks among the best of our lyrics for musical purposes. We commend this ballad to all. It will repay the study necessary for its proper execution.

IF LIVED BY THEE. BALLAD, WORDS BY GEORGE LINLEY, COMPOSED BY W. VINCENT WALLACE. WM. HALL & SON.—This ballad was originally written for and sung by Miss Dolby in London; it is a contralto voice, but can be sung by a mezzo-soprano. The melody is of a very tender and passionate character, and doubtless many bright eyes have brimmed over with the tears of sensibility. It betrays the hand of the master throughout. The poetry is in the usual smooth style of its author, George Linley. We can recommend it to our readers. All these pieces are brought out in first-rate style by WM. HALL & SON.

## SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

On Sunday, Feb. 14th, the morning service at Tremont Temple, Boston, was crowded to excess. The Rev. Mr. Kalloch briefly addressed the congregation on the subject of the indictment found against him for adultery. He had no desire to avoid, but courted an investigation.

The Plainville knitting-factory, at Plainville, Farmington, Ct., was destroyed by fire on Sunday afternoon with all its machinery and contents. The loss is about \$80,000.

The regular trains from Philadelphia to Baltimore are resumed. A track has been laid on the ice across the Susquehanna to the ferry. The Delaware River and Chesapeake Canal are also open, and the boats are again making trips. Trains passed on the track over the Susquehanna on Saturday without the slightest difficulty.

The fire at Mobile, on



ECKEL COMING TO THE FRONT DOOR AND DISCOVERED BY FARRELL.

## ECKEL COMING TO THE FRONT DOOR AND DISCOVERED BY FARRELL.

Of course, every reason why Eckel should have come to the front door, after the murder, is purely supposititious. The most reasonable speculations on the subject we have met with are as follows:

"Eckel knew that Mr. Ullmann was out, and might be expected home at any moment. As soon as the deed was done, Mr. Eckel went down stairs to lock the door, in order that Mr. Ullmann (should he arrive soon after) could not gain admittance until the house had assumed its wonted quiet, and those engaged in the deed had either *retired to rest* or *left the premises*, as the case might be; but, upon approaching the door, Eckel's attention (his faculties alive to the least noise) was arrested by the slight sound of somebody on the door steps, and on the impulse of the moment he opened the door, demanding, in a rude voice, what the man (Farrell) wanted, or was doing there. This seems a probable explanation of Eckel's appearance at that time, and, moreover, that upon everything assuming a right aspect again, he intended to go down stairs and unlock the door before he retired to bed, so that Mr. Ullmann, upon coming home, could enter as usual."

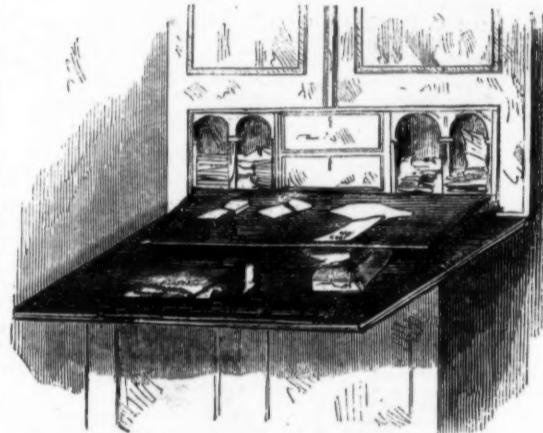
## FARRELL IDENTIFIES ECKEL.

After Farrell gave his testimony, the Coroner decided he would see if Farrell could identify the man who came to the front door and ordered him from the steps. The instant this was known there was a rush made where Eckel was confined, which was in Burdell's sleeping room. The moment the Coroner appeared, the door leading from the hall was opened by the police, and the crowd surged in, passed through the room in which the murder was committed, and entered the front room. Here sat Eckel, occupying a chair near the foot of the bed. He was dressed in a shaggy, brown overcoat, with a pointed plush cap on his head. He sat quietly until the persons who accompanied the Coroner up stairs entered, but rose immediately afterwards and took his station behind the chair on which he had been sitting, leaning against the post of the bed; his appearance indicated considerable nervous trepidation, although his feelings were evidently under strong control. After the reporters entered the room, the number of persons present was perhaps thirty. The Coroner came in with the witness alone. The persons in the room arranged themselves in a semicircle, leaving Eckel at the furthest end of the

line. The witness came slowly along the front, peering into the face of each individual as he passed, but did not at first pay any particular attention to Eckel; a moment afterward he turned and looked at Eckel fixedly. Eckel's eyes winked incessantly, but he gazed steadily at witness, while undergoing this scrutiny. The absorbed attention with which every person in the room watched this proceeding was actually painful in its intensity. The bystanders scarcely breathed, and a pin might have been heard to drop. Mr. Farrell, after glancing at Eckel in an uncertain, hesitating way, turned twice, evidently struck by something familiar in Eckel's countenance, and the third time he looked continued to gaze. The lines about his mouth, meanwhile, were even more deeply set and strongly marked than usual. He had the appearance of a man who had made up his mind to undergo examination, and had steeld himself to the task. It was impossible, of course, that he should have known the precise object for which this scrutiny was instituted; he had undergone several interviews with different parties who were called to identify him, but it could not have escaped the notice of the most unobserving that he had arrived at the conclusion that there was something more than usual in this particular investigation. Although, therefore, he was probably unaware of the precise object of this examination, he had put himself under severe restraint, in order that no movement of a muscle and, no change of coun-

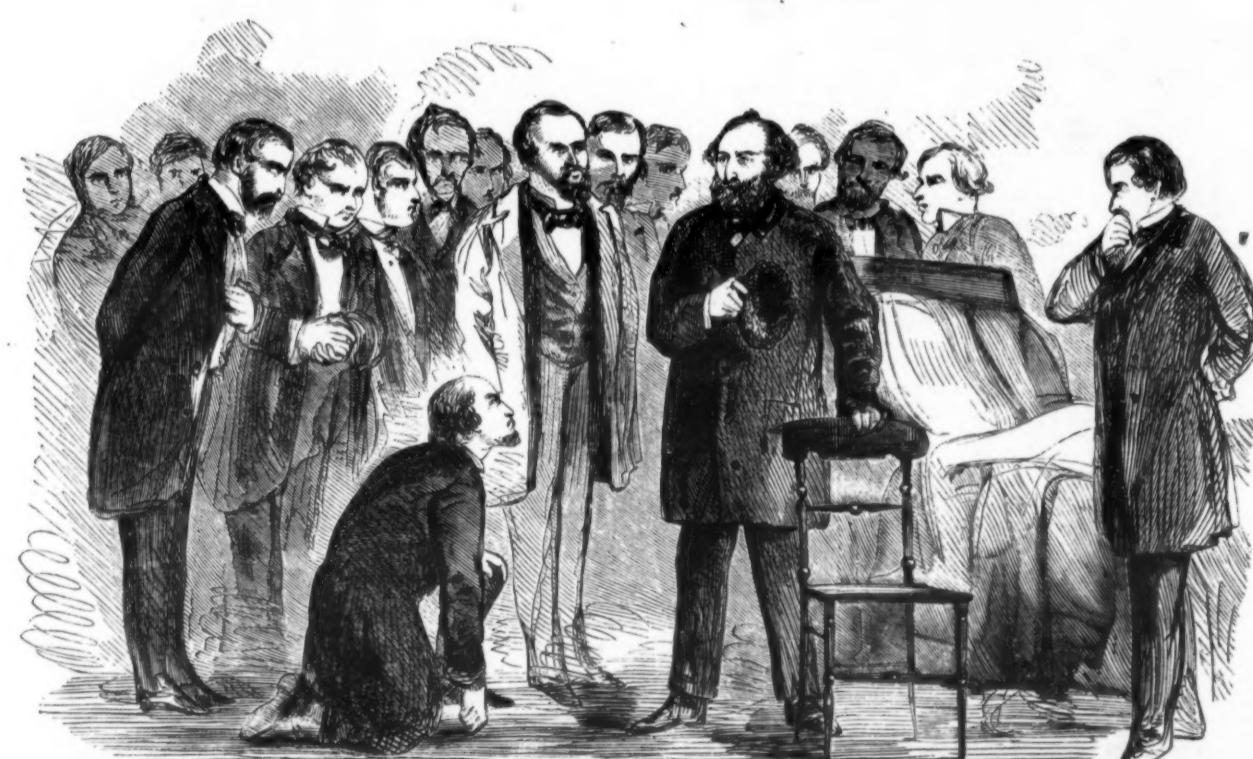
PORTRAIT OF THE WITNESS FARRELL.  
AMBROTTED BY BRADY.

done, much doubt seemed to vanish from Farrell's face, and in reply to the Coroner's question, "Well, which is the man?" Farrell replied—"I don't know—I think that is the man" (pointing to Eckel). The witness was then taken down stairs, but had scarcely seated himself before he expressed his regret that he had anything to do with the matter. In reply to questions put by Judge Capron, he said: "I had no trouble in selecting Eckel from among the others; he was the man standing by the bed; as soon as I took a square look at him, I did not look at anything else; as soon as I looked at him, he attracted my attention; I should have known the man again who came to the door, had I seen him twenty years afterwards; I did not know till I came down stairs that the man I picked out was Eckel."



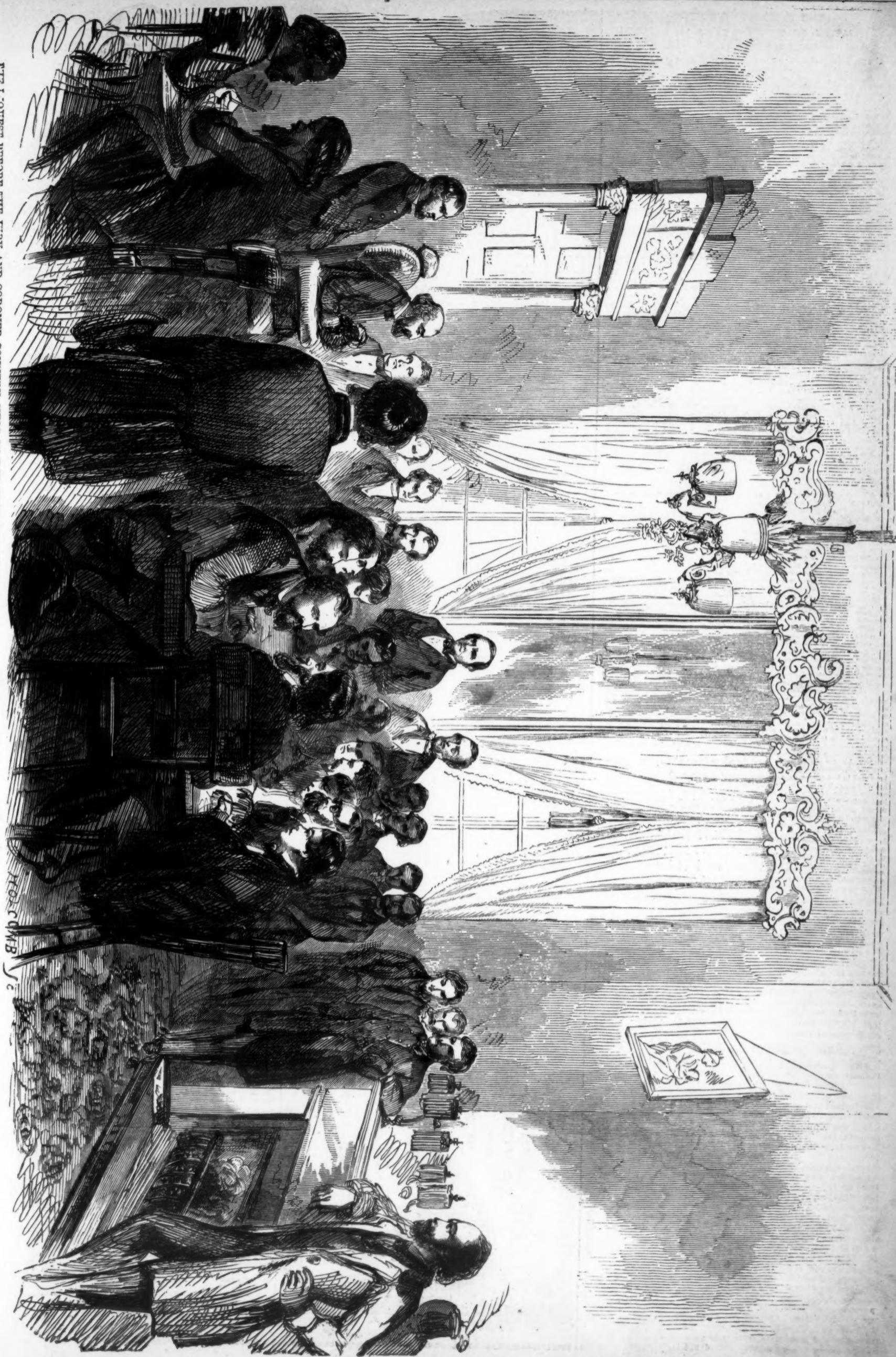
ECKEL'S BOOKCASE, IN WHICH WAS FOUND THE PAPER DR. BURDELL CHARGED MRS. CUNNINGHAM WITH STEALING.

Mr. Farrell's testimony has elicited a great deal of comment, many pronouncing it unworthy of credence. Farrell, however, seems to defy scrutiny, and expresses his belief that that which he has sworn to will be borne out by other testimony. D. C. Waller, a gentleman of high standing, swears he saw, on the night in question, Farrell on the steps fixing his shoe.



FARRELL IDENTIFYING ECKEL, FROM AMONGST A NUMBER OF PERSONS ASSEMBLED IN DR. BURDELL'S BEDROOM.

THE "TROT" BEFORE THE JURY AND CORONER CONNEY, HELD IN THE TACK PARLOR OF DR. JURDELL'S LATE CLINIC, 31 END STREET. TABLE OF THE REPORTERS IN THE FOREGROUND. SEE PAGE 202.



## THE BURDELL TRAGEDY.

CONDENSATION OF TESTIMONY UP TO SATURDAY,  
THE FOURTEENTH DAY OF THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

The late Dr. Burdell, owner of the house No. 31 Bond street at the time of the murder, occupied the entire second floor, the rest of the dwelling being let to Mrs. Cunningham. The occupants of her portion of the house were herself; her two daughters, sixteen and eighteen years of age; her two sons, nine and ten years of age; one boarder and lodger, Mr. Eckel; a friend of the family, Mr. Snodgrass; and a lodger simply, Mr. Daniel Ullmann; and, at the time of the murder, one servant-woman, a second servant-woman having left two days before. The murder was committed on the night of Friday, the 30th of January. The servant-woman was ordered by Mrs. Cunningham about 10 o'clock to go to bed. That domestic, and the two little boys and Mr. Snodgrass, slept in the attic, or on the fourth floor. Mrs. Cunningham and her two daughters slept, on the night in question, in a room on the third floor; Mr. Eckel in another room on the same floor; and Mr. Ullmann in the third room on that floor. Between 10 and 11 o'clock all these persons, with the exception of Mr. Ullmann, retired to their rooms for the night, and they all testify that they were not disturbed by any unusual noise or any cry of "murder." Two of these witnesses testify to having seen a person whose appearance corresponds with that of Dr. Burdell, and wrapped in a shawl such as he wore, enter his house only a few minutes before the cry was heard. One of these witnesses, Farrell, was sitting on the very steps when the Doctor entered his house, heard the cry and the fall of the body, and has identified Eckel as a man who immediately afterward came to the door and warned him off the step in a menacing manner, and whom he supposed to be sent for that purpose by the man (Dr. Burdell) who had just entered the house. Several other witnesses in passing through Bond street, between 11 and 2 o'clock of that night, remarked a peculiar smell as of the smoke of burning woolen and leather. The atmosphere of the night was damp and heavy, and smoke accordingly held to the earth. Between 8 and 9 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the next day, Dr. Burdell's office boy discovered the dead body, on the second floor, back room, near the door, lying in a pool of blood. The gas in the room was yet burning; the key in the lock on the outside of the door. Mrs. Cunningham's family, with the exception of Mr. Eckel, had at that time all breakfasted. Eckel on that morning had left the house before breakfast, to fulfil a business engagement made the day before. Mr. Ullmann was only a lodger, never had taken any meals in the house, and had not yet risen. He had come into the house on the night at 12½ o'clock; and he testified that after he came in he heard no noise. The testimony of the four witnesses who heard the cry of murder at 10½ o'clock, not alone fixes the time for the deed, as the coldness and rigidity of the corpse and the dryness of the blood with which its clothes had been saturated, proved in the opinion of the medical men then called in, that the murder had been committed at about that time.

The time of the murder having been established as that, when the Cunninghams, Eckel and Snodgrass testified that they were just about retiring or had just retired for the night, added to their positive statement that they in the house, and probably awake, had not heard the cry of murder, which others in the street and in a house opposite had heard, at once cast suspicion upon them and led to an investigation of their relations to the murdered man, it being reasonably presumed that no person outside the house could have committed the act, with the attendant outcry and fall of the body on the floor, without being heard by them, as they must then have been awake.

Within a few hours after the murder was discovered on Saturday morning, Mrs. Cunningham gave information that she had, on the evening of the 28th of October last, been secretly married to Dr. Burdell by the Rev. Mr. Marvin, her eldest daughter being a witness, and the clergyman's servant woman another witness to the ceremony, which took place at the house of the clergyman. Mrs. Cunningham produced at the Coroner's inquest her marriage certificate, which corresponded with the register of the Rev. Mr. Marvin. The reverend gentleman, when before the inquest, identified Mrs. Cunningham as the woman whom he had then married, but was unable to identify the name of Dr. Burdell as that of the man, and this, too, although his attention, either at the time of the marriage or on the following day when the man came to him for the marriage certificate, had been directed to the peculiar appearance of the man's whiskers, which then led him to think that they were fake. The clergyman's woman servant, likewise, was unable to identify the man who was married as the same whose dead body was before her. The two servant women of Mrs. Cunningham testified, among other points, that Dr. Burdell, until last summer, some time preceding his alleged marriage, took his meals in his house which she occupied in part as we have stated; but since that time, and from the date of the marriage, had never taken a meal in the house, had refused to eat articles of food and beverages which she had sent to him from her table, had not occupied the same sleeping apartments, and had not appeared to regard or treat her as his wife. One of these servants further testified that at a period antecedent to this an abortion had been produced upon Mrs. Cunningham, and that since the time of the alleged marriage Mrs. Cunningham and Mr. Eckel (not Dr. Burdell) had occupied chambers communicating by a door, and that from her observation as chambermaid, her opinion was that the relations between Mrs. Cunningham and Mr. Eckel were of an intimate or criminal character.

Dr. Burdell, as was proved by many witnesses, was a peevish, passionate and pernicious man. At the time of his death he was possessed of a fortune of about one hundred thousand dollars, made in his profession as a dentist. He was, if not married to Mrs. Cunningham, a bachelor of about forty-five years of age, and she between thirty-five and forty. Mr. Eckel's age is about forty. A vast amount of evidence proves conclusively that Dr. Burdell, who was of a communicative disposition, told numerous parties that he was not married, never had been, never intended to be, and least of all to Mrs. Cunningham, who, he stated, was endeavoring to entrap or force him into a marriage. That of her and of the people in the house he was in fear, and that she was capable of doing anything to injure him, and that he was in fear of his life from them, he stated to two witnesses, on or about the day of his death; and one of them, his friend and late partner, Dr. Blaissell, he requested particularly to come and occupy the house with him on that account. He further then stated that he had made a will, which document, by the way, has not been discovered, and named some of his relatives and the bequest to them that it contained, and that Mrs. Cunningham would not be a recipient of his fortune; and moreover on the very day of his death he made arrangements and drew a lease to Mr. Stansbury, to be signed on the following day, Saturday, by which Mr. Stansbury was to take possession of his house in Bond street on the 1st of May next, and expressed to several parties his great satisfaction at the prospect of getting rid of Mrs. Cunningham, and getting her out of the house at that time. He stated, in addition, that she dogged him, watched him, listened at his doors, entered his rooms with false keys, stole the key of his fire-proof safe, and had stolen from it a note for \$600—which she had given him in payment for a judgment against another party which he had assigned to her. Such relations as these are very singular as between man and wife; but the most striking evidence of all, as against the hypothesis of a marriage between Mrs. Cunningham and Dr. Burdell, and in favor of the other hypothesis of a sham marriage between her and Mr. Eckel, or some one else impersonating Dr. Burdell, is found in the fact that she commenced a suit for breach of promise against Dr. Burdell in August or September last, her complaint alleging that Dr. Burdell had violated her person; on the 23d of October the suit was dropped by her instructions to her counsel, and Dr. Burdell released from his bail-bonds; on the 25th of the same month the alleged marriage is said to have taken place, and yet it was elicited from the counsel of Mrs. Cunningham employed to conduct that suit, when they were produced before the Coroner's inquest as witnesses, that several weeks after the 25th of October she again applied to them, saying that she had then in contemplation to re-open or re-commence the suit for breach of promise. That is to say, three weeks after she alleges that she was married to Dr. Burdell, and produces a certificate to prove it, she informs her counsel, Messrs. Thayer & Chatfield, two very distinguished members of the bar, that she is about to sue the man who then, at that identical time, as she now would prove, must have been her husband. The evidence shows that she and Dr. Burdell were on very bad terms at the time he accused her of stealing the note for \$600 some months ago; that he called in several policemen from the street to arrest her; and that they, the policemen, then assaulted him from so doing. One of these policemen testifies that on that occasion he used violent language toward the Doctor, and declared, according to the policeman's words, "that she would have his (Burdell's) heart's blood." One of the women-servants of Mrs. Cunningham likewise testifies as to quarrels between the Doctor and Mrs. Cunningham and her eldest daughter, Augusta; and that the Doctor told her (the servant) that in a quarrel Miss Augusta once had attacked him personally and torn out some of his hair. We believe there is no evidence of any threats made by Mr. Eckel against the deceased; but the suspicion falling so heavily on him has its origin in the relations existing between him and Mrs. Cunningham, and its apparent confirmation in the extraordinary testimony of Mr. Farrell, which we shall presently consider.

The generally received theory of the murder is, that Mrs. Cunningham had established herself at Dr. Burdell's house, hoping to entrap him into a marriage. Finding herself defeated in this object, she induced her paramour, Eckel, to personate Burdell in a sham marriage, either with the view of claiming her dower, a sum of between \$20,000 and \$40,000, as Burdell's widow in case of his natural death, or with her paramour assassinating him with that express object; and that the fact that Burdell, on the day preceding the night of his murder, had made a lease of his house, by the signing of which, at the time appointed on the next day, he would, on the 1st of May next, have dispossessed her and her family, and thrown them on the world, hastened the catastrophe, and caused it to occur on the night in question. That the murder was perpetrated by them the instant Burdell entered his rooms; that they had not anticipated any outcry, and that the single and half-stifled utterance of the word "murder" alone revealed the deed at the time, the victim being nearly instantly dispatched with fifteen wounds, almost any one of which was by the physicians deemed fatal. That the bloody clothes of the murderers were then burned, which accounts for the smell of burning woolen perceived by so many witnesses in Bond street on the night, between 11 and 2 o'clock, and that the instrument or instruments with which the deed was committed, were during the night taken away from the house and secreted by one of the murderers, after all evidences of the bloody deed had been removed from his person.

From the second story room-door where the murder was committed down to the street-floor, slight marks of fresh blood had been discovered, as well as upon the inside knob of the street door and upon the edge of the street door, at a height of about four or four and a half feet from the sill; but no blood appearing on the outside knob of the street door, brings confirmation that the

murderer did not with his hands were bloody leave the house and close the door behind him—while the appearance of the blood upon the inside knob and the edge of the door is conclusively accounted for by the testimony of Farrell, by whom Eckel is pointed out as the probable assassin. For Farrell's testimony is, that Eckel came to the door a few seconds after he (Farrell) heard the cry of murder and a fall like a barrel on the floor, and holding the door apparently with his right hand on the inner knob and his left on the edge of the door, put his head out, perceived Farrell sitting on the steps, and ordered him away fiercely and frightened. Farrell pretty clearly identifies Eckel. The marks of blood are just where Farrell describes Eckel's hand to have been, and Farrell's testimony is the only circumstantial evidence adduced thus far going to fix the guilt on him. It is of the gravest moment then to ascertain its truth, which, however, has not been assailed directly by any evidence, but by its apparent contradiction by several other witnesses.

But all the evidence goes to show that Burdell went up stairs to the back room on the second story, took off his overshoes, laid aside his shawl and hat, and sat down at his desk, and was first stabbed while sitting.

Mr. Strangman's informal statement, taken down by the reporter, is that "he was several houses past No. 31 when he heard the cry, and was proceeding toward the Bowery. He immediately looked back in the direction of Broadway, but could see nobody approaching. He did not look at any house in particular, and he would not be likely to notice any one sitting on a stoop on the opposite side of the street. He thinks it highly probable that Farrell may have been sitting there, although he did not notice him." By the evidence, as well as by these supplementary statements, of Messrs. Strangman and Ross, as well as by the evidence alone of Mr. Brooks, who has not made any additional or informal statement, it is clear that Mr. Ross did not see Mr. Strangman in the street, that Mr. Strangman saw neither Mr. Ross nor Mr. Farrell, and that Mr. Brooks, from the window of his house, saw neither one of the three. The inference, therefore, is rather that Mr. Ross may be mistaken, though he so positively affirms that Farrell was not sitting on Burdell's steps, rather than that Farrell's singularly corroborated evidence, while he yet remains an unimpeached witness, so far as regards his character for truth and veracity, should be thrown aside as unworthy of credence. We present these views as to the present position of the most remarkable and exciting murder contained in the criminal annals of this country (excepting, perhaps, that of Dr. Parkman), as those which, in our judgment, will probably be confirmed by the verdict of the Coroner's Jury. If Mrs. Cunningham and Mr. Eckel be void of guilt, they have followed legal advice, fixing the damning suspicion on their brows, by their course in suing out the writ of habeas corpus, which inevitably changed their position from that of witnesses under arrest, whose testimony, if they were innocent, should have been eagerly proffered to clear away the doubt and mystery which they alone could dissipate, into criminals whose mouths are sealed, and who apparently seek thereby to shield themselves from giving evidence which must be fatal to themselves. The criminal fears investigation. The innocent man courts inquiry.

## MR. FARRELL'S TESTIMONY.

MR. FARRELL stated that he was an American by birth, born in Fishkill, N. Y., Wednesday, February 18th, 1825, married in Albany, nine years since, by trade the maker of ladies' shoes. I have worked for a man named Hauser, in Canal street; I have been in a public store, and now work for a man named Easke, in Spring street; I have worked for him three months or so; I have been compelled to leave work every other day in consequence of my infirmity; or that on the night of the occurrence at this house, I dined at Mr. Scott's half an ounce of spirits, such as are sold at the Dutch groceries; I was perfectly sober on that night; I am not easily affected by liquor. I reside in Mott street, near Houston, No. 74; I did not know Dr. Burdell in his lifetime; saw him once I believe; it was here at this house; do not think I would recognize him again; I was in Bond street that Friday night; I was on this stoop that night; it was about half past ten o'clock, or between that and eleven; I started from my home about half past nine that night; I am troubled with a disease in the back, by which I am sometimes bent, and feel it necessary to exercise myself on foot to straighten myself; on that night, at half past nine o'clock, having some work to do next day, I walked up to Marion street to a friend's; I went in and stood a few minutes and came out again; I went up Prince street to Bowery and walked up Bowery to Bond; I came down this side of Bond street till I got within a few steps of this door; I stepped on the string of my shoe and drew it out; I then sat down on this stoop on the third or fourth step and took the shoe off; I was trying to fix the string in its proper place; I found the tin had come off the end of it and it took me some time; while I was sitting on the e, one man came along; there were two men, one before the other; one of them came up the stoop and walked in; the other passed on; the man was not in this house more than a minute or a minute and a half, when I heard the cry of murder—I said to myself, there is a man in this house; I thought they had been drinking, or something like that; in probably half a minute after the man went in, I heard him retreating steps; I heard the door opened; I heard nothing after the cry but something like the sound of an empty barrel thrown with its end downwards on the floor; I thought the man who went in had got into a difficulty with some one after he had got in; in half a minute or so after that noise, as I say, a man opened the door and looked out; he said to me, "What are you doing there?" I looked at him; he spoke in a very rough manner, and I was afraid; I thought the man who went in had ordered him to put me off the steps; it was not the man who went in that opened the door; the man who opened the door was in his shirt sleeves; I saw his left arm and shoulder; his left hand was resting against the inside of the door-case; I am sure he had no coat on him; when he spoke to me I said nothing; I had my shoe in my hand and walked up the steps sideways, for I was bent a little, and sat down on the third stoop below, put on my shoe, and went home; I saw enough of the man's head to see he had a large beard; I do not know whether he was bald; he was not bald on front of his head; his hair was bushy; I should think he was about five foot eight; I think I would recognize his voice again if he spoke to me in the same way; if the man who came to the door were in the same position or anything like it, I think I might identify him; I was about five or six feet below his head; he touched the door with his hand when he opened it; I do not know who this was who entered the house; it might have been two minutes from the time that man went in till the other opened the door; I sat on the stoop close to the railing when the man who went in passed me on the stoop; the other man was behind him some two feet; I did not notice that other man particularly; he passed on; they were not together when they came to the door; after the man went in and shut the door I heard a footstep retreating from the door; I don't know whether he went up stairs; the man who went in at the door, I am pretty sure, was not the man who came down and opened the door; the man who passed me on the stoop was coming from the Bowery over towards Broadway; the two men who were on the street both came from the same direction; the man who passed me on the stoop and went in had a shawl; I think I sat on the stoop in all about five minutes; I had not been there over two minutes when the man with the shawl came to the door; in about a minute and a half the other man came to the door and opened it; when I sat on the Doctor's steps another man passed me towards Broadway; I saw no person go towards the Bowery while I was there; in passing from this door to the other one where I sat down I walked fast; I heard no other noise but that I have told you of, while there that night, but men talking on the corner of Bond street and Bowery; it was not more than a minute or a minute and a half—about two minutes say, more or less—chased between the man with the shawl going in and the other man coming to the door; the cry was like that of a person being choked; I did not notice the man who entered the house sufficiently to see whether he used a night-key or rang the bell; he did not stand long enough to have the bell answered; my eyesight is short, but I saw both the men distinctly; I can see distinctly all the persons in this room, but I cannot distinguish their features, except those who are sitting at that table, (the reporters); I do not think I could recognize an acquaintance in the other room unless there was something peculiar about him; when the man came to the door one of my feet was on the third step and the other on the fourth; no person has conversed with me in relation to the murder until yesterday; no one has told me I ought to go and testify against any party; I am not acquainted with any of the parties; I should know Mr. Snodgrass if I saw him again; when I sat on the stoop after the man went in I heard no noise whatever as of the man coming to the door; I heard no step whatever; heard only the opening of the door; did not see his feet; he was bareheaded; I could not say whether he had a bald head; he was not bald; he had bushy hair, but he may have been bald on the back of his head; I did not see the back of his head; I think I would recognize that man's voice again if he were going to kick me; I do not think that while I sat there I made noise enough to attract the attention of anybody inside; I did not hear the hall door closed; when I went down the steps the man who opened the door closed the door to; when I got to the bottom of the steps the door was about six inches on the jar; at first I saw the man's left shoulder, head and hand; the door at that time was about two feet on the jar; I could not judge as to that man's age; I should say, from the glance I had at him, he was 40 years old; I could not tell the color of his hair, but it did not seem to be very light; I saw him with his left hand raised up, and leaning against the wood-work of the doorframe; the first I knew of the murder was the week after; I first saw it was in Bond street by reading the newspapers on Monday or Tuesday; I did not think it was here at first, but afterwards it occurred to me that what I saw may have had something to do with it; on Tuesday I got excited about it—so much so that I thought I would come here to see whether the number of the door was 31 or 13; when the man opened the door on that night I saw like a flash of light on the door, and saw the figures 3 and 1, but I was so confused I did not distinguish whether it was 13 or 31; on Tuesday night I came around from Bowery, and in passing No. 13 I saw at once that that was not the place; when I came up to No. 31 I recognized the stoop as that on which I had been sitting, on that night; I first mentioned this on Tuesday or Wednesday to a man named Thomas Farrell, who keeps a porter-house in No. 31 Marion street; I don't know what time of the day that was; I was not drunk; sometimes, after walking around a day, I may take a glass or so; I am not in the habit of being intoxicated; I do not remember the time of this conversation, because I had several conversations with Mr. Farrell during that day; it was about eight o'clock in the evening I came round here to see the house; now that I remember it was in the afternoon I told Farrell about this matter; the handwriting on that letter (the letter giving information as to what the witness was supposed to know) looks like the handwriting of a friend of mine to whom I told the story; his name is James O'Reilly; he used to be in the appraiser's store with me; he is now a porter; but I cannot say whether that is his writing; I left the appraiser's store about five months ago; I did not mention this matter to any persons but those two persons, James O'Reilly, who lives in No. 52 Spring street, I think, and the man who lives in Marion street, up till last night, when a man named Scott came to see me and we talked

it over; we talked of it both in my house and in a grocery store near by; sometimes when my back troubles me I have to walk around for a whole day; on the day after the night on which what I have just stated happened, I had two pairs of ladies' garters to make, and wanted to get in a condition to do something; when I got home that night I worked for an hour; my disease, it appears, is a disease of the spinal column; the man who was in his shirt when he opened that door spoke to me as loud as I am speaking now (voice elevated slightly above the conversational tone).

## SCENE OF THE INQUEST BEFORE CORONER CONNERY

The Coroner's Jury, when complete, consisted of the following gentlemen—probably a more intelligent and responsible jury was never empaneled in this city:

J. A. Hawkins, No. 160 Greene street.  
J. S. Fountain, No. 82 West Twenty-ninth street.  
Richard Brown, No. 89 Clinton place.  
Francis H. Amidon, No. 60 Troy street.  
James H. Orr, No. 40 Hester street.  
George Clesback, No. 108 West Twentieth street.  
Lewis Lefferts, No. 105 Wooster street.  
Daniel F. Seacord, No. 67 Bleeker street.  
Chas. Wool, No. 15 Harrison street.  
F. C. Brant, No. 656 Broadway.  
Wm. Schaus, No. 23 West Forty-first street.  
Dominick Baudine, No. 171 Greene street.

This inquest was held in the back parlor; the tables in the rooms were severally appropriated. One with a marble top served the Coroner; two mahogany tables placed together gave excellent accommodation for the reporters. Eaching the Coroner, who sat between the two windows, which were curtained, was a large mirror. On the right side of the room hung a very poor picture of the Madonna and Child; on the left was a handsome book-case. In the early proceedings of the inquest the Coroner exclusively conducted it, but Judge Capron was finally called in, and assisted in the examination. They will be recognized in the back part of our picture. Standing in the front parlor and looking through the folding doors, the view was presented as seen in our large engraving. Prominent, most prominent, from this standpoint were the reporters, those ubiquitous gentlemen, who are everywhere and in several places at the same time. Their appearance presented a strange mingling of shrewdness, eccentricity and hair. With one or two glaring exceptions, all were bearded, and many wore broad-brimmed hats, such as are supposed to be peculiar to theatrical brigands. The moment selected by our artist is when Eckel was for the second time in the "witness chair," (the one used by Dr. Burdell for dental operations), and refused to answer.

The Jury was empaneled on Saturday, January 31st and closed Saturday February 14th. When the Coroner had concluded his charge, which took near an hour for delivery, the Jury was about to retire, when Capt. Dilks pushed his way forward to the Coroner and said: "There is a gentleman here—a most respectable gentleman—who saw Farrell sitting on the stoop of this house." The witness was at once sworn by the Coroner, who announced:

A Voice—What is his name?  
Capt. Dilks—D. C. Waller; he resides at No. 91 Horatio street, in this city.

Judge Capron subsequently informed the reporters that Mr. Waller had testified that he saw the man Farrell sitting on the door steps doing something with his shoe—that he had his shoe in his hand; he (Mr. Waller) thought it singular; and that he (Waller) saw the door opened by a man in his shirt sleeves, as described by Farrell himself.

The Jury then retired, it being about 5 o'clock, for deliberation, and occupied the room in which the Doctor was murdered. When near 11 o'clock, the jury came down stairs and delivered the following:

## THE VERDICT.

*State of New York, City and County of New York, ss.*—An inquisition taken at the house of the late Dr. Harvey Burdell, No. 31 Bond street, in the Fifteenth ward of the city of New York, in the county of New York, this 14th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven, before Edward D. Connery, of the city and county aforesaid, on view of the body of the said Harvey Burdell, lying dead at No. 31 Bond street aforesaid, upon the oaths and affirmations of twelve good and lawful men of the State of New York, duly chosen and sworn or affirmed and charged to inquire on behalf of said people how and in what manner the said Harvey Burdell came to his death, do, upon their oaths and affirmations, say that the said Harvey Burdell on the 30th of January, 1857, at No. 31 Bond street aforesaid, was feloniously murdered, and came to his death by being stabbed in various parts of his body with a dagger or other sharp instrument; and the jurors believe from the evidence, and therefore find, that Emma Augusta Cunningham and John J. Eckel were principals in the commission of said murder; and the jurors aforesaid further find that George Vail Snodgrass either joined the said Emma Augusta Cunningham and John J. Eckel in the commission of the said murder, or was an accessory thereto before the fact, counselling, aiding or abetting the said Emma Augusta Cunningham and John J. Eckel to commit the said murder; and the jurors aforesaid further find that Augusta Cunningham and Helen Cunningham, daughters of the said Emma Augusta Cunningham, being in the house No. 31 Bond street aforesaid, where the said murder was committed, have some knowledge of the facts connected with the said murder, which they have concealed from the Jury, and that it is the duty of the Coroner to hold them for the future action of the Grand Jury. In witness whereof we, the said jurors, as well as the Coroner, have to this inquisition set

o again." A universal cry of indignation went up from honest men, a sneer saw his mistake, his power to do great good and make character in this city was past, and when his name came up for a "regular nomination" it fell stillborn; the verdict in the gamblers' case had killed him as a public man. Unfortunately for himself, Judge Capron, we believe, illegally connected himself with the Coroner's Jury of the Burdell case. Connery had no right to let him examine witnesses, but this would have been pardonable under the circumstances, had Judge Capron displayed any legal discrimination in the discharge of his self-imposed duty. He came in contact with Connery, and Connery surpassed the judge in every mental and legal achievement. For two long days Judge Capron waded through testimony previously gone over by Coroner Connery, and for all the remainder of the time only interfered with an efficient administration of justice. Connery's mistakes, their author being a son of the Emerald Isle, partake of the pleasant character of "bulls," but Judge Capron's mistakes had nothing to relieve them of their chronic dullness. It was not the business of Judge Capron to turn prosecuting attorney, and he should have remembered that the parties before the inquest were to be respected as witnesses, and the parties suspected of the crime were legally innocent until they were shown to be guilty. The whole inquest was badly conducted, but we have charity and excuses for Coroner Connery. The manner of nomination of coroners is responsible for Connery's errors; for Judge Capron we cannot find one word of defense. He obtruded himself by the good nature of Connery before the jury—but having obtained an enviable position for the display of sound judgment, knowledge of law and human nature, he made a failure throughout, and Coroner Connery rose by contrast into the superior mind.

## ECKEL'S PLACE OF BUSINESS.

ECKEL's place of business was naturally among the "slaughter houses," as he dealt in hides and fat. Thousands of our citizens are not aware that in the very heart of our city exists a large number of places where cattle, sheep, hogs and calves are killed by the thousand, and that in the vicinities of these very places live hundreds of families, many of substantial means and of high respectability; yet such is the case. At nightfall and in the early morning the doors of the butchers' shambles are often crowded with little children, who in their way to and from school daily witness the knocking on the head and the cutting of the throats of the poor beasts of the slaughter-house, and thus become early accustomed to the sight of blood. In mid-summer the gutters run with blood, and the stench is often, to unaccustomed nostrils, horrible to come in contact with. In the vicinity of these exceptionable localities is to be found Eckel's place of business, neat of the kind and well kept, perhaps one of the best devoted to the storing of hides and fat in the city.

## NOTES ON THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

INTERESTING ASTRONOMICAL INVESTIGATIONS.—In that notable contribution to scientific literature, "The New Theory of Creation and the Deluge," among other startling predictions, it is stated as probable that the rings which surround Saturn are composed of water, snow or ice, which at some future time may descend and deluge the planet, as ours was deluged in the time of Noah. It now appears that this event is likely to take place sooner than was at first anticipated. It appears that Mr. Otto Struve and Mr. Bond have lately studied with the great Munich telescope at the observatory of Pulkoway, the third ring of Saturn, which had previously been discovered to be fluid. These astronomers are of opinion that this fluid ring is not of very recent formation, and that it is not subject to rapid change; and they have come to the extraordinary conclusion that the inner border of the ring has, since the time of Huygens, been gradually approaching the body of Saturn, and that we may expect, sooner or later—perhaps in some dozen of years—to see the rings united with the body of the planet.

MANUFACTURE OF SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH CABLE.—The process of making this kind of cable consists in taking copper wire of a small size, of the requisite length, and completely insulating it by means of gutta-percha. Three copper wires, thus enveloped, are placed together, side by side, in as compact a space as possible, all the interstices between them being filled with rope yarn. These three insulated wires are then twisted around each other by means of machinery, as in the strands of a rope, and the whole is completely surrounded by another envelope of gutta-percha. A transverse section of this cable gives the appearance of a solid gutta-percha rope, in which appears three copper wires, running through its whole length. This is enveloped by twelve distinct iron wires, running parallel to it, which are strongly twisted around the gutta-percha rope, as before, by means of machinery, at an angle of forty-five degrees; this is then smeared with tar, and is ready for use.

SHOOTING MOLTEN IRON.—The process of shooting molten iron consists of a hollow shot, of any given calibre, with a round hole or fuse on its side; on the sides of this fuse are two parallel raised lines, grooved on the inner under sides of them, into which to slide a piece of wrought iron to clean the fuse when the shell is filled. The inside of the shell must be coated with some substance to prevent the molten iron from coming into contact with the iron of the shell. The shell can be fitted to any sized gun; when filled with molten iron, it has the weight and form of a cold ball; when it strikes a solid body it will burst, and is very destructive.

IMPROVED COTTON GIN.—An improvement has been made in cotton gins, consisting in giving to the cotton to be ginned a spiral motion in the feed-box, over the saws, so that the cotton is made to pass from one end of the feed-box to the other, to present a fresh surface of it to the action of the saws as it passes along; also to prevent the staples from being cut off by the saws.

## INTERESTING STATISTICS.

ABOUT two and a half cubic feet of coal gas are consumed in an hour from an ordinary burner.

An active man, well skilled, and working under every advantage, can raise 10 lbs. 10 feet in a second for 10 hours in a day, or 100 lbs. one foot in a second.

LAKE Superior is 420 miles long in diagonal, 170 broad, 900 feet deep, and 624 feet above the Atlantic at high water; or 64 feet above Lake Erie.

BODIES which reflect most, reflect most, or are most splendid. The local atmosphere, which increases one, increases the other. Impressions on the eye are permanently continuous which are repeated seven times in a second.

LIGHT comes from the sun in about eight minutes; hence, light travels at the rate of 200,000 miles per second. According to La Place, the motion of gravitation is 50,000 times swifter than the motion of light.

SOUND.—Sound travels through 1,142 feet in a second, or 13 miles in a minute. The time taken for the passage of sound, in the interval between seeing a flash of lightning or that of a gun and hearing the report, may be observed by a watch or a seconds pendulum; or it may be determined by the beating of the pulse, counting, on an average, about 70 to a minute for persons in moderate health, or 5½ pulsations for one mile.

A ROD of wrought iron 1 inch square and 3 feet long, weighs 10-08 lbs. A rod of cast iron of the same dimensions weighs 9-668 lbs. A circular rod of wrought iron, an inch in diameter, and 3 feet long, weighs 7-89 lbs., and of cast iron, 7-567 lbs. In converting iron into steel, a hundred weight of iron combines with from 4 to 12 ounces of carbon; the former proportion producing very mild steel, and the latter being the maximum dose for any useful purpose.

HUMAN STRENGTH.—Absolute force of pressure with the hands was found, by the dynamometer of Regnier, to be on an average, equal to 110 lbs., and the absolute force of man, lifting with both hands, 286 lbs. The greatest average load which a man can support on his shoulders for some seconds is reckoned at 330 lbs., and it is supposed he can exert the same force in drawing vertically downwards. The mean absolute strength of man in drawing or pulling horizontally, is found, by the dynamometer, to be 110 lbs. The force of the pull in the strongest man was found to be only 20 lbs. more than the average.

SALT MINES.—The salt springs of Cheshire and Droitwich, (England) contain 22 per cent of salt. At Norwich, also, is a bed of solid salt. In most countries salt rock is below the surface; but in Spain, &c., it is above. The salt mountain at Cordova is 300 feet high. In the Tyrol, the salt galleries are horizontal in a mountain. In Peru, salt mines exist 10,000 feet above the sea. The Cheshire (England) beds of red salt rock are 20 to 30 yards thick, between immense beds of limestone, sandstone, clay, and other thick mineral bodies. At Cracow, the mines extend several miles in vast caverns, sustained by pillars of salt, and have been wrought for twelve or thirteen centuries. Salt is either a result of desiccation of salt lakes, or an accumulation of horizontal strata carried into recesses by tides.

If you are in a hurry, never get behind a couple that are courting. They want to make so much of each other that they wouldn't move quick if they were going to a funeral. Get behind your jolly married folks, who have lots of children at home, if you wish to get along fast. But it is best to be a little ahead of either of them.

## CHESS.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"INCOCITO," Boston.—Your problem is faulty in this: Suppose in answer to white's first move black plays at once Kt to Queen's 4th, or K B P takes doubled pawn; what becomes of your mate?

J. H. P., Boston.—Your Suicide dedicated to the New York Club, is defective in two particulars. First, suppose when white checks with B as his first move, black, instead of taking B with Q, moves K to K 6, the suicidal position is irrecoverably lost. Secondly, when at the fourth move for black, you make him play "anything," suppose B takes K P, and then, when Q checks at Q B 4, Bishop takes Queen instead of Knight. If you substitute a black pawn for the white one at black King's third and place a white pawn at Q 2 your problem would be complete. Your other two problems are correct and are on file awaiting their turn for insertion.

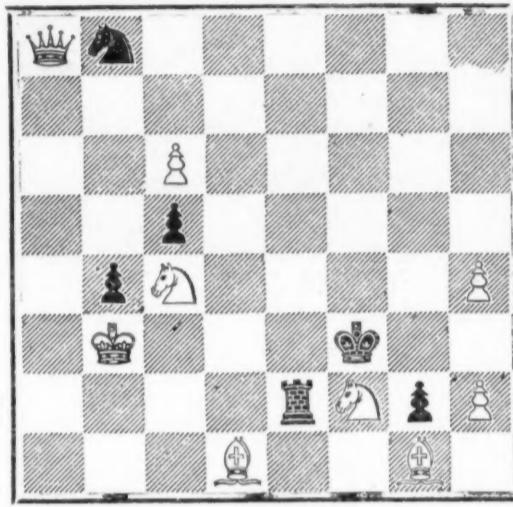
THEO. M. BROWN, Newark.—Your problem dedicated to W. W. Montgomery, Esq., is quite an original idea, but as it at present stands is solvable in six moves, without bringing about the position you desire. Mate can be effected by following the line of play indicated by you, omitting your fifth and seventh moves. If the white Rook, which you have placed at K R 4 were at K B 4, and the conditions were "white to give smothered mate in eight moves, without taking any of black's pawns," your idea would be carried out. We do not venture to alter it, however, as indicated, but leave it to your own ingenuity to perfect it as you may think best. Your five move problem can also be solved in four by leaving out your second move. Five move suicide all correct.

ALFRED R. WILSON, Boston.—Solution to Problem LXI. correct. Mr. Leslie's terms for his paper are three dollars a year, *in advance*.

The Philadelphians have concluded their match with the New Yorkers very handsomely, by announcing mate in six moves in the Sicilian game. We will give the concluding moves of this game in our next. Mr. Montgomery, of Philadelphia, we understand, was in the city last week and suggested the propriety of a chess tournament, and for all the remainder of the time only interfered with an efficient administration of justice. Connery's mistakes, their author being a son of the Emerald Isle, partake of the pleasant character of "bulls," but Judge Capron's mistakes had nothing to relieve them of their chronic dullness. It was not the business of Judge Capron to turn prosecuting attorney, and he should have remembered that the parties before the inquest were to be respected as witnesses, and the parties suspected of the crime were legally innocent until they were shown to be guilty. The whole inquest was badly conducted, but we have charity and excuses for Coroner Connery. The manner of nomination of coroners is responsible for Connery's errors; for Judge Capron we cannot find one word of defense. He obtruded himself by the good nature of Connery before the jury—but having obtained an enviable position for the display of sound judgment, knowledge of law and human nature, he made a failure throughout, and Coroner Connery rose by contrast into the superior mind.

## PROBLEM LXIV.—By C. G. NELSON.—White to play and mate in four moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

GAME LXIV.—(CENTRE COUNTER GAME.)—Consultation between Messrs. ROBERTS, of Brooklyn, and LITZETHEINER on the one side, and Mr. MEAD, President of the New York Club, and the Editor on the other.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Messrs. R. & L.	Mr. M. & Editor.	Messrs. R. & L.	Mr. M. & Editor.
1 P to K 4	P to Q 4 (a)	21 R to K 4	Kt to Q B 3
2 P tks P	K Kt to B 3	22 B to K Kt 3	B to Q Kt 3
3 P to Q B 4	P to Q B 3	23 R to Q	Q R to Q
4 P tks P	Kt tks P'	24 Kt to Q 5	Kt to Q 5
5 K Kt to B 3	P to K 4	25 P to Q B 5	Kt tks B (ch)
6 P to Q 3	B to Q B 4	26 P tks Kt	B to Q B 2
7 Q Kt to B 3	P to K 5 (b)	27 K to K B	R to K 4
8 Q to K 2	Q tks K P	28 B to K B 4	R tks Kt
9 Q tks Q	P tks Q	29 R tks K	R tks R
10 B tks P'	Kt to Q Kt 5	30 B tks B	R to Q 6
11 B to Q Kt	B to K Kt 5	31 P to Q Kt 5	R tks Q Kt P'
12 K Kt to K 5	B to Q 5	32 P to Q Kt 6	P to Q R 4
13 Kt tks Q B	Kt tks Kt	33 K to K 2	P to Q R 5
14 Castles	Castles	34 K to Q 2	P to Q R 6
15 P to K 3	K Kt to K 4	35 B to K 5	P to Q R 7
16 Kt to K 2	B to Q Kt 3	36 P to K B 4	R to Q Kt 8
17 P to Kt 3	K R to K	37 K to Q 3	K to K 8
18 Kt to K B 4 (c)	B to Q 5	38 K to Q B 4	P to K B 3
19 P to Q R 3	B tks R	39 B to Q 4	K to K 2
20 P tks Kt	B to Q 5	White resigns.	

## NOTES TO GAME LXIV.

(a) We would warn the tyro against this mode of play as a general rule. It is intrinsically weak, (inasmuch as it sacrifices a pawn, for which no sufficient equivalent is obtained,) and is only occasionally adopted for the sake of variety.

(b) Premature. Black should here have castled, with a fine game.

(c) This loses the game. Up to this point White had preserved his Pawn, and was not subjected to any very serious attack.

## SOLUTION TO PROBLEM LXIV.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 B to K 6 (ch)	1 R covers
2 Q to R 3 (ch)	2 Kt covers
3 R to B	3 Anything
4 R to Kt	4 "
5 B tks B P	5 B moves (best)
6 B to Kt 8	6 B tks P
7 R to K 3 (ch)	7 B covers
8 Kt checks	8 Kt tks Kt mate.

From the fact of our going to press at an unusually early time last week, for the purpose of supplying an expectant public with our excellent representations of the various scenes connected with the late Bond street murder, the proof sheet of the Chess column was not supervised by the Editor. Hence this problem appeared without the conditions attached. Those who are curious in such matters, however, have now the conditions and solution before them.

## TRIFLES.

What evidence is there that Vespuccius was a jovial scamp? His contemporaries have handed him down to us as A-merit-cus.

"What do you ask for this article?" inquired Obadiah of a young man behind the counter. "Fifteen shillings," "Ain't you a little dear?"

The Chinese are queer people to go to market. A man at Canton writes home to a friend that "a neighbor of his had just laid in his winter provisions—a hind quarter of a horse and two barrels of bulldogs. The latter salted to keep."

Under the head of "broken English," a Paris paper places such Londoners as get smashed up by railroad collisions, or financially busted.

A physician advertised that he had removed near the churchyard at the request of his friends, and trusted that his removal would accommodate many of his patients.

A Western editor says that ladies wear corsets from a feeling of instinct, having a natural love of being squeezed.

HOW TO SWEETEN SOLITUDE.—Shut up a boy in a cellar and give him free access to the molasses cask.

In a Western debating society the next question for discussion will be the following: "If a fellow haint nothing when he gets married, and the girl haint nothing, is her things hizzen, or hizzen her?"

"Don't grow before you are out of the woods," is politely rendered, "Do not jubilate prior to emerging from the umbrageous recesses!"

"Tinton," exclaimed an Irish sergeant to his platoon, "front face and tind to rowl call! As many as is presint will say 'Here!' and as many as ye is not presint will say 'Absent!'"

"Henry, my love, I wish you would drop that book and talk with me. I feel so dull."

A long silence, and no reply.

"Oh, Henry, my foot's asleep."

"Is it? well don't talk, dear, you might wake it."

## OUTLINES OF POPULAR SCIENCE.

## THE MOUTH BLOW-PIPE.

To make a temporary and useful blow-pipe.—Take a glass tube about eight inches long, three-eighths of an inch wide, and proportionate thickness, bend one end of it carefully to the form of the accompanying figure, by means of the fine of the spirit lamp. Fit a cork (b) to the end of the tube, and then bore a hole in it with a hot wire sufficiently large to receive a tube a quarter of an inch in diameter. Take a pretty thick piece of glass tube, of the diameter described above, and bend it in the flame of a spirit lamp to a right angle, having previously turned the point of it round and round in the flame until the bore of it is considerably reduced at that point. Fasten the tube (c) in the cork, and then place the cork in the tube (a). The advantage of this form of blow-pipe is the facility with which it is made, the great economy of the article, and the possibility of easily replacing the jets; while at the same time it possesses the advantage of Pepy's blow-pipe in having a moveable jet which can be turned in any direction required.

Care should always be taken after using a blow-pipe never to place it away in a drawer or on a table, but to suspend it against the wall, because then the moisture within the blow-pipe will run out of it.

We have already found that certain substances will afford us the necessary flame for the purpose of experimenting with the blow-pipe, but we must now consider which is the best suited for our purpose.

A candle is not a good thing to use for the purpose of obtaining a sufficient heat; but when it is employed, be sure to have a short wick, and to turn it a little down at the point, so that it will be somewhat like an inverted *f*, and therefore look horizontally and towards the object. In blowing a flame with a candle, always endeavor to air in such a manner that no part of it shall touch the do not pay attention to this, you will get an irregular flame, and also have portions of the wick flying about.

After a common candle, the best kind of flame we can employ is that obtained from an oil lamp, fed with sweet oil. The lamp generally used is called Berzelius', but an ingenious person may make one for about sixpence, from a piece of tin, and one of the tin boxes that anchovies preserved in oil are sold in, or any oblong tin boxes.

As soon as you have finished with your lamp, and the flame is extinguished, cut off the charred wick, and cover the wick to prevent the dust lodging upon it. Never have too high a wick, because it will smoke and give an irregular flame. If the wick is too short, the heat will not be sufficient for your purpose. Before using your wicks, soak them in strong vinegar for a day, then dry them before a fire, and afterwards place them in boxes to preserve them from dust and dirt.

A gas light is one of the most useful flames we can get, and you should therefore have a burner supported on a heavy foot, and connected with the gas-pipe by a flexible tube of vulcanized caoutchouc. The ordinary jet will not do.

OFFICIAL  
REPORT OF THE  
SCIENTIFIC  
ANALYSIS.

DR. DOREMUS answered for the scientific examiners, and stated to the Coroner that a report had been prepared, which he read as follows:

"We, the undersigned, appointed by the Coroner and Jury to examine, chemically and microscopically, certain articles found in the house, No. 31 Bond street, in reference to their connection with the death of Dr. Harvey Burdell, viz: stains resembling blood upon small dagger; on sundry articles of wearing apparel, a sheet, towel, matting, oil-cloth, doorknob, stair-rods, walls, etc., etc., respectfully report the following results: The dagger was first examined and the blade found slightly stained near the hilt, but the woollen lining of the guard, though in contact with the spots, showed no



THE DOCTORS ENGAGED IN THE SCIENTIFIC MICROSCOPIC INVESTIGATION IN MR. ULLMANN'S ROOM.



CORONER EDWARD DOWNES CONNERY. AMBROTYPED BY BRADY.

appearance of blood; neither the smooth surfaces of the ivory handle nor the creases between the trimmings of the same exhibited traces of blood, nor probably could any have been removed by washing, for the particles of dust found at the bottom of said creases appeared to be of long standing; the spots, though trivial in amount, were carefully removed from the blade and subjected to chemical analysis; they yielded abundant precipitates characteristic of iron, but did not answer to the distinctive tests for blood; they were also repeatedly examined with the microscope; no blood-disks could be detected, but the particles presented, on comparison with ordinary iron-rust, a small knife, known to surgeons as a French bistoury, was inspected, but presented no suspicious appearances; the stains on the towel, night-gown, marked shirt, blue and white dress, sheet, and also the spots on the matting in the closet, where the above-mentioned stained clothes were found, responded to the chemical tests for blood; under the microscope the same objects showed altered blood disks and nucleated epithelial scales in abundance; the stains on the outside door-knob of the unoccupied room on the same floor, and on the stair-rods from the flight leading from the

second story to the attic, yielded similar results; streaks simulating blood, on a blue silk dress found in the attic, were discovered by chemical analysis to contain sugar; no blood could be detected; the microscope also proved its absence; stains on a small book found in the parlor (furnished by a juror) did not answer to the chemical or microscopical test for blood; the stains upon a newspaper (*The Herald* of Saturday, Jan. 31, 1857), found around books in Eckel's secretary, although proved by chemical analysis to be blood, under the microscope showed altered blood disks differing from those upon the other articles examined in presenting a less average diameter; the stains upon the butcher-knife, brought from Staunton street, exhibited similar appearances to that upon the newspaper. All that could be procured by the Commission of the garments of Eckel and the Cunningham ladies, including boots and shoes even carefully scrutinized, but no blood-stains were found; the table cutlery was examined, but no evidence in the shape of stains could be detected; sundry half-burned scraps of paper and a small piece of coarse cloth from the grate of the unoccupied room were inspected with care, but no spots of blood were discovered; the siftings of the ashes from the cellar, comprising parts of pamphlets, letters, bits of paper, fragments of carpet, rags, &c., were examined, but furnished nothing requiring further investigation; spots were found on the outside of the door of the room where the body of the deceased was discovered; one near the knob, and another on the strip between the panels; also a dense streak on the outside of the said door, on the left hand going out, commencing nearly two feet above the floor; also spots on the first and second panels of the painted wall on descending the short flight of stairs; another spot on the second panel from the window below the platform; also a smear on the same, and on the third panel a streak about four feet above the steps; again, a stain on the inside edge of the inner hall-door, another on the outer margin of the front door, and a corresponding spot on the moulding opposite to the edge of the door; another spot on the wall, near the base of the first "style" behind the back-parlor door; a large spot on the oil-cloth, about two feet from the end of the banisters of the basement stairs; on the left side, descending said stairs, about two feet above the fifth step from the last, a streak as though wiped upward; and lastly, a streak two inches long on the frame of the door of said stairs, near the hinges, about three feet from the bottom. These were each examined chemically, and found to be blood stains; each were also repeatedly inspected with the

microscope, and discovered to contain blood-disks without epithelial scales.

From the chemical analysis and from the microscopical examinations, we infer that the stains on the dagger were of iron rust.

The blood-stains on the towel, night-gown, marked shirt, blue and white dress, sheet; also on the matting of the attic closet, where these articles were found, on the door-knobs of the unoccupied room in the attic, and on the stair-rods leading from the second story to the attic, all contain nucleated, epithelial scales, many of them in abundance, from which we infer that all the above specimens were menstrual blood.

The marks on the blue silk dress, and in the small book from the parlor, were not blood.

The blood-stains upon the newspapers found around the books



JUDGE CAPRON. AMBROTYPED BY BRADY,

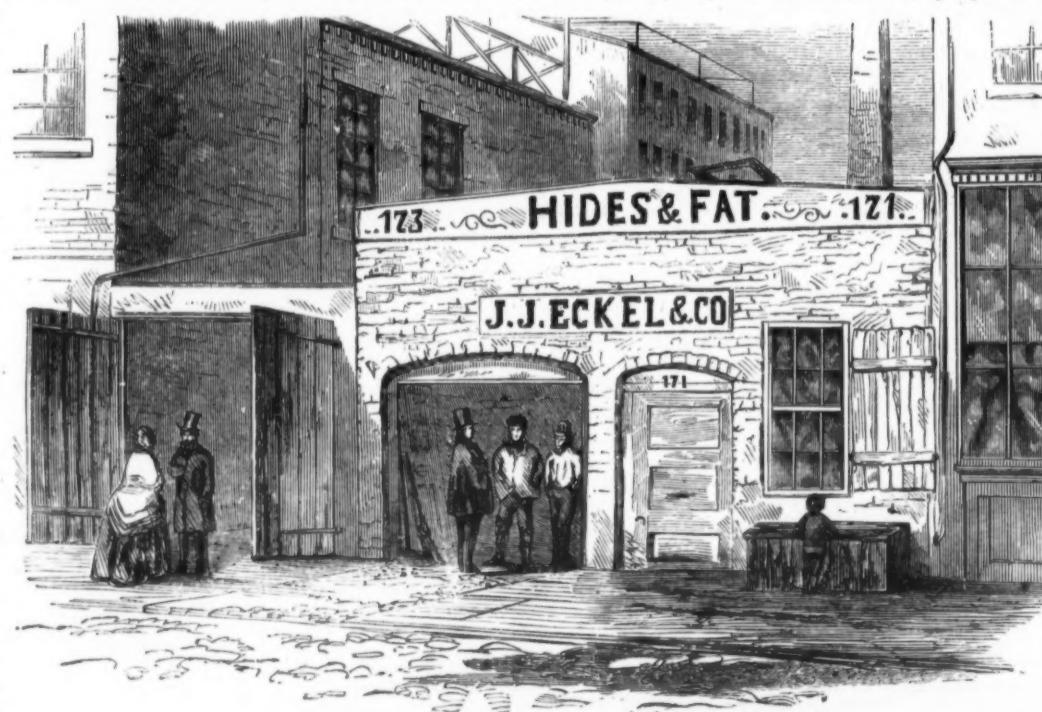
in Eckel's secretary, and on the butcher-knife from Staunton street, by repeated comparisons with those on the clothing of deceased, render it probable that they are not stains of blood.

The stains on the door of the room where the deceased was found, on the wall leading down stairs, on the front door, also on the wall near the back parlor door, on the oil-cloth at the head of the basement stairs, and on the door at the foot of the same, were probably pure blood.

The Commission obtained, with the concurrence of the Coroner, the valuable assistance of Professor Fordyce Barker, M. D., in making the distinction between menstrual fluid and pure blood, to whom they wish to express their indebtedness.

Accurate copies of the microscopical appearances of the different objects examined were drawn by Mr. A. Berghaus, artist, (attached to *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*), and by members of the Commission. A. Seuker, Chemist, and C. Phelps, Medical Student, assisted in the examination.

R. OGDEN DOREMUS, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in New York Medical College. JOHN W. S. GOULEY, M. D., Lecturer on Microscopic Anatomy. T. CHILDS, M. D., Professor of Anatomy, New York Medical College. WM. H. VAN BUREN, M. D., Professor of Anatomy, University, New York.



ECKEL'S BUSINESS ESTABLISHMENT, 171 AND 173 STAUNTON STREET.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**A**CADEMY OF MUSIC.—FOURTEENTH STREET.—ITALIAN OPERA.  
Nights of performance, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY.  
SIGNORINA TERESA PARODI,  
MADAME DE WILHORST,  
SIGNORINA ANALISA STRAKOSCH, Madame D'Orsay. Signori Tiberini, Arnoldi, Bernardi, Barilli, Morino.  
Under the direction of MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

**L**AURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 and 624 BROADWAY,  
NEAR HOUSTON STREET.  
MISS LAURA KEENE, SOLE LESSEE AND DIRECTRESS.  
FRIDAY, Feb. 20th.—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  
SATURDAY, Feb. 21st.—AUTHOR'S NIGHT.—YOUNG NEW YORK.—MY WIFE'S MIRROR.  
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5.

**W**ALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE.  
The old favorites together again:  
Mr. LESTER, Mr. WALCOT, Mr. DYOTT.  
On FRIDAY, Feb. 20th, Miss MATILDA HERON will appear in her great part of CAMILLE.  
And on SATURDAY, Feb. 21st, as MEDEA.  
Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Upper Tier, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1.

**B**RADWAY THEATRE.—E. A. MARSHALL, SOLE LESSEE.  
A grand combination of  
TRAGEDY,  
with the celebrated American Tragedian, Mr. E. FORREST.  
FRIDAY, Feb. 20th.—WILLIAM TELL, for the last time.  
SATURDAY, Feb. 21st.—COMEDY OF ERRORS.  
Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle and Upper Tier, 25 cents; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$6.

**B**OWERY THEATRE.—LESSEE & MANAGER, MR. BROUHAM.  
FRIDAY, Feb. 20th.—MERCHANT OF VENICE, and  
UNCLE SAM, or the Maniac of the Tomba.  
SATURDAY, Feb. 21st.—RICHARD THE THIRD, and UNCLE SAM.  
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Boxes, 25 cents; Pit and Gallery, 12½ cents; Private Boxes, \$5.  
Doors open at seven; to commence at half-past seven.

**T**HEODORE EISFELD'S CLASSICAL SOIREE,  
the Fourth of the Seventh Season, (37th Concert),  
on Tuesday, Feb. 24th, at Dodworth's Academy.  
Madame M. de ROODE and Mr. H. C. TIMM  
will assist Theodore Eisfeld's Quartette Party.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canadas, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our column, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

**ENGLISH AGENCY.**—Subscriptions received by Trübner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 21, 1857.

## OUR NEXT NUMBER.

We shall give in our next number our great national picture of

## STONY POINT,

23 x 35 INCHES,

from an original picture by J. McNevin, Esq., painted expressly for this paper; also, the Interior and Exterior of the new Opera House, Philadelphia; also, the Inundation at Albany, a series of interesting views; together with important pictures connected with the Burdell tragedy. No pains or expense will be spared to make the paper a perfect reflection of the most stirring events of the times, and maintain it in its present high position as an American Illustrated Newspaper.

## OUR NEW TALE!!!

In this number we continue our new tale, entitled

## THE NIGHT SHRIEK;

OR,

## THE STOLEN WILL.

A tale of New Orleans, by Mrs. J. D. BALDWIN, written expressly for this paper. The facts upon which the tale is founded are among the most startling in the history of the social life of the "Crescent City." It will be remembered that about twenty-five years ago one of the wealthiest families of New Orleans was so seriously annoyed by an appalling night shriek, reverberating through the house, that they removed, renting the splendid residence to the Sisters of Charity, for a school. Still the fearful night shriek followed them, until the missing will of the late head of the family was discovered, when it ceased.

This story will be one of the most thrilling ever given to the public, and our readers must not fail to read the opening chapters. Our purpose is to give in our paper some of the best American stories ever presented to the reading public, and to accomplish this we have secured the pens of the very best living writers.

## A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We have, at great expense, employed artists of reputation to color the beautiful Engravings of

"The Monarch of the Glen,"

"Our Saviour,"

and the "The Battle of Stony Point,"

each 23 by 33 inches.

The Engravings are beautiful works of art, being some of the finest specimens ever executed in this country, and well worthy to adorn the walls of the mansion or the cottage.

We have concluded to issue them gratis—to regular subscribers only—on the following terms:

Persons sending us \$3 will receive either one of the Colored Engravings and the Paper for one Year.

For \$5, two copies of the Paper for one year, or one copy for two years, and any two of the Colored Engravings.

For \$7 50, three copies of the paper, to different addresses if required, and the three Colored Engravings.

These beautiful pictures are worth double the money, independently of the best and most useful family paper now published.

If you wish to secure these beautiful Engravings, send the amount to

FRANK LESLIE,  
12 & 14 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

Upon the first announcement that a murder had been committed in Bond street, and understanding that there were circumstances of an unusual character attending its perpetration, we despatched one of our best artists to the scene, with the general instruction to make drawings of such things as were of interest to the public. We procured by a happy circumstance a correct portrait of Dr. Burdell, which, with the room which was the scene of the murder, and a view of the house, we put in our paper. As the excitement increased, so increased the demand made upon us for illustrations, and we issued last week's paper, confessedly one of the best ever produced in this country, and superior, as a dignified illustration of a great crime, to any that has ever appeared in the world. These engravings, the moment published, were instantly transferred to wood, and have been repeated, without credit, by thousands and tens of thousands in cheap papers; and yet, for all this, the demand made upon us has been beyond our power to supply, although we have wrought night and day. It is safe to assert that half a million copies of our Burdell murder engravings have found their way to the public. We are gratified that our efforts to please the just desire to learn the whole truth of this strange tragedy, have been so cordially appreciated, and we believe we are justified in saying that the more our pages have been examined, the more we have been complimented and commended for the faithful performance of our duty.

The custom has prevailed, until we started our ILLUSTRATED PAPER, to "make up pictures" of startling events. The same portrait has figured from time to time as a murderer, a philanthropist, a monster, and a thief; and no attempt, comparatively speaking, until we inaugurated the era, was ever made to give correct drawings of rooms, buildings, and landscapes connected with the startling news of the day. Since we commenced our enterprise, we have endeavored faithfully to carry out our pledges made respecting our ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and we have constantly employed the very best artistic talent of the country in every department, and we believe we have produced much which will vie favorably with our more pretentious contemporaries "across the water." Circumstances which we could not control have forced us into the most elaborate illustrations of the "Burdell tragedy." We have received hundreds of letters from all parts of the Union asking us for especial pictures, and we have selected such subjects as were most likely to gratify the demand. All the pictures we have given in our pages connected with this absorbing subject have been drawn direct from the things represented, and they will be found by comparison *critically correct*. The supposed manner of the murder is necessarily not to be literally drawn, but we have endeavored to *individualize that action* by following the enlightened theories of the medical examiners, and placing before the eye the four prominent points of interest, the attack, the struggle, and the finishing blows—and more than volumes do these pictures portray the fearful character of crime, and urge us to leave nothing unaccomplished which will bring the perpetrators of the deed to light.

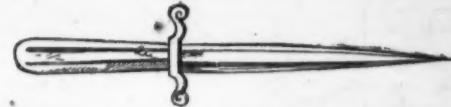
In these attempts thus to bring before the public the entire character of the Bond street tragedy, we have been guided by no sordid desire, neither are we anxious to pander to a morbid curiosity. The Burdell tragedy will stand out for years as one of the most extraordinary circumstances connected with the mystery of crime. The secret and individual murder has at all times a fascinating interest not pertaining to open multitudinous wrath on flood or field. But for the universal and protracted fixedness of public interest upon this particular crime, we must look for some unusual cause, and this we find in the excited general sentiment as to the insecurity of life and property, aroused by the recent numerous highway robberies, burglaries, and mysterious disappearances of respectable persons. Each one began to ask himself if he might not be the next victim, and the whole community became at once a body of detective police, determined that the murderer, or murderers, of Burdell should be discovered and brought to justice. It is this feeling of *insecurity*, this idea that no man's house was sacred from the knife of the assassin, no man's life was secure, that has kept alive the excitement, and made every incident of terrible importance. By the aid of our paper the reader in any part of the world has facilities enjoyed personally but by a few of the anxious multitude residing in this city, of going through the Bond street house, of entering every room, of examining each piece of furniture, of witnessing the police on duty, of seeing the curious crowd in attendance, of beholding the examination before the Coroner's Jury—he becomes acquainted with the faces of the principal persons engaged in the examination, whether as witnesses, officials, or suspected persons—not a thing of real importance is omitted, and the whole is accompanied with the most carefully digested letter-press description.

To those of our readers who may receive this paper, and are not aware of the subjects published in the preceding number, we give them for their benefit. The whole of the pictures are necessary for a real understanding of the Burdell tragedy.

PICTORIAL CONTENTS OF NO. 62, RELATING TO THE BURDELL TRAGEDY.—The house No. 31 Bond street; view of the room in which Dr. Burdell was murdered; Dr. Burdell's sleeping apartment, the body in the coffin; Eckel's room; the attic-room, in which it is supposed the clothes were burned; the door handle marked with spots of blood; third story hall, showing the doors leading to the rooms of Eckel, Mrs. Cunningham and Mr. Ullman; policemen guarding the room in which the murder was committed; the face of Dr. Burdell as it appeared in the coffin; the dagger found in Mrs. Cunningham's room; drawings representing the form of the wounds; the heart, showing the two wounds; the shirt sleeve marked with blood; Portraits of Dr. Burdell, Eckel, Mrs. Cunningham, Snodgrass, Augusta and Helen Cunningham.

## REPRESENTATION OF THE DAGGER FURNISHED AS A DUPLICATE OF THE ONE BOUGHT BY SNODGRASS.

Mrs. ALVISET, wife of the proprietor of a fancy store in Broadway, testified that, about three days before Dr. Burdell was killed, she sold a dagger knife, known as a four-cornered blade, (see picture.) That the purchaser objected to some of the wea-



pons because they were not strong enough, and that one was finally selected, which cost eight dollars. After the witness gave her testimony, she went up stairs, and there by accident met with Snodgrass, whom she instantly recognized, and identified him as the person who bought the dagger knife. The Coroner then placed in Mrs. Alvise's hand the dagger, a drawing of which we give, which the witness recognized "as the same blade, five inches long, exactly like the one she sold Snodgrass." Snodgrass swears emphatically that *he never purchased* a dagger, and Mrs. Alvise and her assistant, Agnes Smith, recognize Snodgrass as the purchaser of such a weapon, and swear point blank that Snodgrass was the person. It was upon this testimony that the Coroner committed him to prison.

Doctor G. F. Woodward took the dagger furnished as a facsimile of the one Madame Alvise swore she sold Snodgrass, and after trying some experiments, made the following statement to the jury: "I was handed the dagger—the *fac simile* of the one purchased by Snodgrass—for the purpose of ascertaining if it could have produced the wounds on Dr. Burdell's body. After trying the dagger on a dead body, I give it as my opinion that all the wounds Dr. Burdell received might readily have been made by that dagger. I also experimented with the dagger on some clothing, and the holes made corresponded with those found in the garments of Dr. Burdell."

## STORMING OF STONY POINT.

In our next number we shall give our subscribers this most splendid engraving on wood, the finest ever produced in this country, which has been postponed two weeks on account of the illustrations of the Burdell tragedy. All the preliminary incidents connected with the assault on Stony Point, the character of the man who, under Washington's orders, executed it, together with the complete success of the affair, render the event without question one of the most glorious recorded in the Revolutionary struggle. Stony Point was a strong fortress on the Hudson river, eight miles below Peekskill, which with a neighboring fort was captured from the Americans by Sir Henry Clinton, on the 1st of June 1779. Washington finding it impossible to maintain his position, with Stony Point in possession of the enemy, gave "Mad Anthony," as Wayne was called, orders to carry it by storm. No better person could have been selected; although Stony Point was considered impregnable, yet Wayne was confident of success, and tradition says that Wayne was not to be disheartened by obstacles, but remarked to Washington, with emphasis, "General, I will storm hell if you will only plan the battle." The picture gives in the most spirited manner the most interesting moment of the attack, when Wayne, wounded, is carried by his aids into the fortress at the head of the storming column. We shall, together with the engraving, give the full details of the battle, and also a short biographical sketch of the life of General Wayne.

THE Burdell murder case will next come before the Grand Jury, and if a true bill of indictment is found against the parties suspected, the trial will probably come off before the Court of Sessions at the end of February. In justice to the excited state of public opinion, and the rights of the prisoners and witnesses, a speedy trial should be granted.

CONDUCT OF THE PRISONERS.—Among the most painful incidents connected with the Burdell tragedy, is the universal testimony given to the levity and seeming indifference displayed by the Misses Cunningham. At first we did not believe that such was the case, but from every quarter we learn that these "young ladies" seem as insensible to their awful situation as if they were stones. The *Daily Times* of the 16th, says:

The Misses Cunningham and the two little boys still remain there, 31 Bond street, but the girls will be removed to the Tomba, it is expected, to-day, Monday the 16th. The condition of the poor boys—one ten and the other nine years old—is most pitiable. They do not appear to have the slightest perception of their position, or of their mother's peril. The eldest was in the room where the inquest was held, on Saturday night, for some hours, while the Jury were deliberating up stairs, and on the rendition of the verdict he looked on quite unconcernedly. Nor do his sisters seem to feel their situation, but conduct themselves in a jocund manner. Their deportment on Friday and Saturday, when they visited their mother in the Tomba, was such as to astonish the warden, doctors and officers of that prison. They were dressed in rich silks, with very valuable fur capes, heavy gold bracelets, and other expensive jewelry. While waiting for admission in the outer corridor, they carefully arranged their apparel, and altogether behaved very little like persons about to enter the cell where their mother was confined on a charge of murder.

The conduct of young Snodgrass throughout has shown an utter defiance of public opinion; he seems to glory in his unamiable position. He is reputed to have denounced Mrs. Alvise in the most brutal language, and went off to the Tomba under the charge of being concerned in a murder, with an air of utter indifference and recklessness.

Eckel seems to maintain a dignified silence. If he expresses any opinion, it is that he is innocent of the crime imputed to him, and that "all will turn out right yet."

Mrs. Cunningham seems to be stolidly indifferent, a demeanor she has displayed throughout the whole proceedings.

Farrell remains at the Fifteenth Ward station-house under the charge of an officer. He is not kept in a cell, but sits in the officers' common room, or walks in the streets whenever he pleases, the officer always accompanying him. He was formerly engaged for two years in the Bonded Warehouse, and yesterday one of the heads of Department there called on him, and told him that if his character were attacked on the trial, he could rely on at least twenty witnesses, from that quarter, who would fully endorse his reputation as a temperate, honest and veracious man. Several other gentlemen in different parts of the city, to whom Farrell is known, have also signified their wishes to bear similar testimony to his general good character. The extraordinary confirmation of his testimony by a most respectable person renders Farrell necessarily an object of interest. Farrell's family are very poor. He has a wife and three children, the eldest eight years, and the youngest sixteen months old. Some small subscriptions have already been collected for their relief, but further aid, either from private individuals or from the city authorities, is necessary, as Farrell may be detained as a witness for some time to come.

## A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF HIS RACE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,"  
"MINNIE GREY," ETC.

(Commenced in No. 52.)

## CHAPTER XXIV.

He hath found his mate in cunning, in strength  
His equal, in wisdom his superior.—OLD PLAY.

THE Conde de Lilini was one of those men who never make a promise idly, and having once made one, adhere to it with that pertinacity which characterises alike the very strong or exceedingly weak mind. It was evident that he had taken a very strong interest in Harry Burg and his friend Harold Tracy. Perhaps he thought to make them useful as political partisans, for he was devoted to the cause of Carlos, and the triumph of legitimacy in Spain.

He was seated in his salon in the Faubourg St. Germain, dressed as if for a visit; but although his *voiture de remise* had been standing more than an hour at the door of his hotel, he continued with his eyes fixed on the wood fire burning cheerfully on the hearth, lost in profound meditation.

So absorbed was he in his reverie, that a knocking had to be repeated several times at the door of his apartment before it roused him.

"Come in," he said, without looking up. The servant, named Harris, whom Tom and William Franklin had met at the English coffee-house, entered the room.

"It is late," observed his master. "Not my fault," replied the man, drily.

"I know it, Old Fidelity!" exclaimed the count. "Forgive me my impatience. Have you discovered the person I sent you in search of?"

The man nodded in the affirmative. "And seen him?"

He nodded again. "Well?" said the Spaniard, eagerly.

"It is Captain Helsman, as you suspected," returned Harris; "he resides in the Rue de Bac, number seventeen. He did not sleep at home on the night of the ball of the Tuilleries."

"Villain!" muttered his master, "heartless villain! Continue," he added; "heed not my interruptions."

"He has called twice at the Hotel de Courcie."

"And seen the general?"

"No."

"Adelaide?"

"Not yet," replied the man. "He has written to her, and she appointed this morning for an interview, at three o'clock."

The count looked at his watch; it wanted half an hour to the time. He smiled with satisfaction as he replaced it.

"And how did you discover all this?" he demanded.

"Bribed the porter at his hotel to open his letters," answered the servant, drily. "In war, as in love, all stratagems are fair. There was one from the English banker, Sir John Sellem. It appears they are speculating largely in the Spanish funds."

"Good!" exclaimed Lilini, in a tone of satisfaction; "good. I'll beggar them."

Ordering Harris to await his return, the gentleman hastily descended to the court-yard, and entering the *voiture de remise*, ordered the man to drive to the Hotel de Courcie.

General the Baron de Courcie, who inhabited it, was one of the most illustrious soldiers of the empire, and not the less so that he had never been either a flatterer or worshipper of the extraordinary man who swayed its destinies. It was for his country—for France—that he had fought and bled, not for the aggrandisement of his military chief, or the gratification of his own personal ambition; for when Napoleon went through the farce of a popular election to the imperial crown, the voice of the general was given against him.

It was in vain that the creatures of the new dynasty hinted to him the *bâton* of Marshal of France, and the peerage, in the new order about to be established, awaited his acceptance. The reply of the bâton was cold and decisive. He was content with his present rank and the title inherited from his ancestors.

He accepted the decision of the country, but took no part in it.

At the Restoration, the Bourbons neglected him; and, shortly afterwards, a disease, contracted amid the snows of Russia, deprived him of sight—misfortune which compelled him to live in comparative retirement.

The world, for once, was unanimous in the praise which it accorded to the conduct of his wife—a lovely Englishwoman, whom he had married shortly after the return of Louis the Eighteenth. She scarcely ever quitted the magnificent hotel in which they resided, but devoted herself entirely to her husband.

Madame de Courcie was seated in her boudoir, her usually pale face flushed with excitement. It was evident that something unusual had occurred to agitate her. Although no longer young—for she had reached her fortieth year—her features retained, if not the freshness of youth, that peculiar charm of expression which more than compensates for its loss; her figure was still faultless, and her hair and eyes dark as the veil of night.

Once or twice she raised her head and listened, fancying she heard a step in the antechamber, and shook it with disappointment when she found herself mistaken.

"This suspense is horrible!" she murmured. "It is past the hour I named—why does he not come?—perhaps he thinks to add to my terror by delay—he might spare himself the pains. Courage, Adelaide!" she added; "let not the ruffian witness his triumph over you."

The baroness rose from her seat, and arranged her hair, which had fallen into slight disorder. As she turned from the mirror, a servant announced Captain Helsman.

The lady resumed her chair, and pointed with quiet dignity to the one opposite to her. Her visitor took it in silence.

For several minutes they regarded each other without speaking.

The manners of Captain Helsman were perfectly well-bred. He was one of those cold, polished rascals whose hands grasp the assassin's weapon none the less firmly for being gloved.

"Delighted," he said, "at having the honor of once more paying my respects to the Baroness de Courcie."

"A true to words," replied the lady, "which from you can have but one meaning—insult. What is it you require? Have you not plundered me sufficiently? made my life a lie? reduced me to part with the jewels which the bounty of my husband lavished on me—to satisfy your infamous extortions?"

"They make excellent imitation ones in Paris," was the ironical rejoinder.

The baroness bit her lips in indignation.

"Perhaps you are right, Madame," he continued, in the same tone. "In all business matters there is nothing like entering on an affair at once. You ask what I require—a trifle—five thousand pounds."

"And where am I to procure such a sum?"

The captain smiled as if the where or the how in no way regarded him.

"I have already parted with my diamonds," added the lady; "sacrificed them on your last visit, when you promised to give up the letters."

"I believe I did make some such promise," coolly answered her visitor, "but it was in a moment of enthusiasm. Besides, I have been unfortunate in my speculations since; and, in short, I must have the money. If you cannot find it," he added, "the family of General de Courcie both can and will."

"Monster!" ejaculated Adelaide, "it would kill my husband. Were my own ruin alone at stake I could defy you."

"Kill your husband!" slowly repeated the Captain; "singular! I never thought of that, and now I do think of it, I really ought to raise my price; his heirs would gladly pay it."

"Have you no heart?" exclaimed his victim; reproachfully.

The eyes of Helsman flashed fire for an instant, and then were cold and dull again.

"I had one, but it was rejected," he answered, slowly. "After all, what is it you complain of? I offer you in exchange for gold—which you can procure, for woman's wit is inexhaustible where her vanity is concerned—reputation, the world's esteem; permit you to wear the mask of purity and honor, which a word of mine can rend from you; indorse the living lie, and give it currency by my silence. How the Orleanists and parvenus of Paris would sneer and triumph," he added, "were they told that the exclusive Madame de Courcie, whose salon is closed against them, had been a mother before she became a wife!"

The unhappy woman sank back half fainting in her fauteuil.

"And that her child had found a grave which no sexton ever dug, or priest pronounced a blessing over."

"Oh! I am punished!" groaned the baroness; "but of the last crime Heaven will one day bear witness of my innocence. My infant was stolen from me."

Captain Helsman affected to smile incredulously.

"I must end this fearful state," she continued: "life is not life with such a threat hanging over me. You have my letters, you say?"

"You know I have."

"And the confession of the nurse?"

"Duly witnessed, baroness."

"And if, by appealing to my deceived husband's affection, I procure the sum you name, you promise to give them up?"

"Faithfully," answered the villain, eagerly; not that he had the slightest intention of fulfilling his promise.

"Return to me in three days, and it shall be ready."

At this moment the voice of the General was heard in the antechamber, conversing with some one.

"Not a word," added his wife, imploringly. "Mercy! mercy!"

The door of the boudoir opened, and the blind soldier made his appearance, leaning on the arm of the Conde de Lilini.

"Adelaide," he exclaimed, "I bring a friend whom you will be right glad to see; but, if I mistake not, you have visitors."

"An Englishman," replied his wife, with difficulty mastering her emotion. "One whom I knew in childhood."

"Captain Helsman," she added, introducing him.

"Always happy to receive a compatriot of Madame," said the General, extending his hand; the hypocrite smiled as he took it.

"You are silent, Adelaide," added the speaker. "Have you not a word for Lilini? he used to be a favorite with you."

On hearing the name of the Spaniard, the lady, who had not yet recognized him, so great was her confusion, uttered an exclamation of mingled surprise and satisfaction.

"A lover," thought the first visitor, eyeing them narrowly.

"When did you arrive in Paris?" she eagerly inquired.

"A few days since," answered the gentleman, in Spanish.

"Understands English, if he cannot speak it," mentally exclaimed the Captain, who, without knowing why, did not feel himself exactly at his ease in the society of the Count; yet to his recollection they had never met before. He was an entire stranger to him. The more he interrogated his memory on the subject, the more he felt convinced of it; and yet, by one of those incomprehensible instincts of our nature, he divined the presence of an enemy.

He wished to retire, but a feeling of restlessness, a species of fascination he could not account for, detained him.

The Count entered into conversation with that freedom which either denoted a man who has nothing to conceal, or one so perfectly upon his guard that no impulse can betray or surprise into an indiscretion.

Once or twice the Spaniard detected the eyes of the Englishman fixed inquiringly on his features, and the glance he sent back seemed to mock him.

"Search," it seemed to say; "you cannot read me."

He saw that the baroness was suffering, and contrived the means of enabling her to quit the boudoir without exciting observation.

"Forgetful that I am," he said, drawing a note from his card-case, and handing it to the lady; "I promised the Duchess de Rohan to convey to her your answer this evening."

"I will write it directly," answered the mistress of the mansion, hastily quitting the room.

The moment after her departure, the conversation turned on politics; the prospects of the Carlists in the Basque provinces; the Christina and Spanish scrip. To the surprise of General de Courcie, his friend drew a desponding picture of the cause to which he knew him to be ardently attached. Helsman was all ears. It was a valuable acquaintance he had made, considering his speculations on the Stock Exchange.

"You think the funds must rise?" he said.

"Can you doubt it?" replied the Count, "with England and France both pledged to assist the Constitutional party? In the former country commerce is deeply interested in the question—in the latter, Louis Philippe."

"Is the King a holder?" eagerly demanded the Captain.

"To the amount of millions. The fortune of Madame Adelaide, his sister, is engaged in the same enterprise."

"And you?"

"I," replied the Spaniard, with a smile, "never speculate."

Having no further pretext for remaining, the artful schemer took his leave, and that same day gave orders to his own and Sir John Sellem's agent to purchase largely in the Spanish funds.

More visitors were announced; and the General, wishing to spare his wife the trouble of receiving them, took the arm of his valet and descended to the grand saloon, leaving his wife and Lilini in the boudoir alone.

"I am aware of all, Adelaide," said the former, taking her hand, which he raised respectfully to his lips; fortunately, this time I am in Paris to save you."

"Oh, how I trembled when you met!" replied the still-agitated woman. "Had he recollected you?"

"It was an idle fear," observed the gentleman, mournfully. "Sorrow has so changed me that the mother who bore me, were she living, would fail to recognise her child. I have passed the ordeal of the eyes of love, and may brave those of hate."

"They are sometimes the most certain," said the baroness.

"True, true!" said the former, musingly. "How much does your persecutor attempt to extort from you this time, Adelaide?" he added.

"Five thousand pounds."

"Scoundrel!"

"I must pay it in three days," she continued, lowering her voice to a whisper, "or he threatens to place the letters in the hands of the Baron's family, who hate me. It is a fearful sacrifice, but it must be made. I have still some jewels left, besides the savings of the last two years, and—"

"Not a shilling, Adelaide, not a penny," interrupted the Count.

"The affair is now in my hands, 'tis I who must arrange it."

"And the proofs?"

"Shall be given up."

"Whilst they remain in his possession," said the lady, "life is not life. I am the slave of the nameless dread which haunts me. I could brave the sneers, the pity of the world, but not my husband's misery. His noble, generous confidence in me is unbounded. The discovery would kill him with shame, me with remorse."

"Remorse is for the guilty, Adelaide, not the innocent."

"The innocent!" echoed the baroness, mournfully.

"The innocent," repeated the Spaniard, gazing on her with mingled respect and tenderness. "You know I am no sophist, but one of those plain-speaking men who designate things by their right names; call virtue—virtue, and vice—vice. Was it your fault that the villain, in whom you and the man you loved alike confided, procured a false priest to celebrate the marriage rite, which a jealous brother's tyranny rendered necessary should be kept a secret between you, or that your child was stolen from you?"

"No, Adelaide, no," he added; "the birth of the innocent being may be a cause of sorrow, but not of reproach."

"I would fain believe so," sighed the lady.

"As a wife, your conduct has been irreproachable," continued the Count; "and yet I know its trials. But enough of this. The moment has arrived for action; and fortunately I am on the spot to defend you. You must write to Helsman with the confidence of a child."

Madame de Courcie seated herself at the table, and wrote whilst the speaker dictated:

"Do not call at the hotel again; in three days I will send my femme-de-chambre, or some person in whom I can confide, with the stipulated sum. Act generously, and return the papers."

"Send it at once," he said.

The note was sealed and despatched.

"Will you be at the Duchess's this evening?" inquired the mistress of the mansion.

"You will not see me again for three days," replied her visitor, "when I shall have the happiness of placing in your hands the papers so necessary to your peace of mind."

"He has promised them so often," observed the lady, mournfully.

"And for once shall be made to keep his word," replied the Count, rising to take his leave. "Excuse me to the General, I have no time to lose; the Captain is a skilful gamester, and those who play with him must be careful not to lose a single card."

The Spaniard returned home, and dined alone—if it might be called dining—for his mind was so occupied, that he scarcely touched the dishes which Harris placed before him. Although he ate little, he drank rapidly. Glass after glass of a strong, generous Burgundy disappeared; till the servant, becoming alarmed, attempted at last to remove the bottle.

"Let it remain, Harris," said his master, without showing the least sign of displeasure. "It calms me."

The man looked at him doubtfully.

"I tell you it does," repeated Lilini, in a desponding tone. "There might have been danger in my excess once; but the fire of youth is past. I am ice—ice; and lack the generous juice of the Yonne to thaw me."

"My poor master!" muttered the domestic.

"Would you believe it, Harris?" continued the former; "I this day stood face to face with the man whom I most hate

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## REPRESENTATION OF THE MANNER IN WHICH IT IS SUPPOSED [DR. BURDELL] WAS ASSASSINATED.



SCENE NO. 2. THE FEARFUL STRUGGLE AGAINST THE DOOR, FOLLOWING THE FIRST ATTACK.

## THE SUPPOSED MANNER OF THE MURDER OF DR. BURDELL.

DR. JAMES R. WOODWARD, Dr. Wm. Knight, Dr. Stephen A. Main, Dr. W. H. Van Buren, Dr. Timothy Childs, Dr. David Uhl, Dr. G. P. Garish, and other distinguished surgeons and physicians, examined the body of Dr. Burdell, and after some deliberation, came to a theory as to the manner of the assassination. Starting upon this intelligent basis, our artists have given the four views. In the composition of these pictures, the room in which the murder occurred has been carefully studied, so that nothing could be wanting to make them critically correct. By reading the testimony of the professional men, the tragedy will be enacted vividly before the reader. Dr. Woodward says: "I carefully examined the position of the furniture in the room; I also traced the blood carefully, and after examining the wound I offered this theory to the medical gentlemen who were there concerned in the commission; there was a chair placed in front of the Doctor's writing-desk, (see picture No. 1,) and the leaf of the desk was down; I think there was a very considerable quantity of blood; the chair that set in front of it was also stained very considerably with blood; while examining the wound I desired a gentleman to be seated in the room, and with the dagger which has been referred to and examined, it was placed di-



SCENE NO. 4. THE WOUNDS IN THE HEART.

rectly over the wound in the right shoulder, so that if the assassin held this dagger in his right hand he would have plainly plunged it over the right shoulder; now that would run obliquely downward and forward into the chest, so that it was made from behind; it was not fatal, but it would of course produce a very considerable shock about the back; my theory is that at this time the Doctor made resistance, and we traced blood from that chair to the door; in the opposite corner there was blood found on the centre table; after arriving at the door it is evident that a great deal of exertion was made on the part of the Doctor, (see picture No. 2,) because, on examination of his boots, blood was found to be literally ground into them; after that we dissected the carotid artery, and found that it was proved that the blood spouted out per saltum, as we call it, upon the door; my judgment is that the heart wound followed that in the throat; if the heart had been deprived of its mechanical functions it could not have thrown that blood on the wall; there were two wounds in the heart; the second was not necessarily fatal, but the others around were random wounds, given without thought or object only to kill the man; I think Doctor Burdell, before he received the wound in the carotid artery, was pretty well able to take care of himself." The doctors disagreed as to the time Dr. Burdell lived after he was mortally wounded; the prevailing opinion was, a minute and a half.



SCENE NO. 1. THE ASSASSIN MAKING THE FIRST BLOW.



SCENE NO. 3. THE WOUNDS ON THE BODY GIVEN.